

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1870.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

"A H! you have cards for the wedding, I see."

"Yes."

"Are you going?"

"Yes. Can't stay away without giving offence."

"It's to be a stupid affair, I hear."

"Stupid enough. But Lyman is a character in his way, and when he sets his mind on doing a thing, saints and angels can't change him."

"There's to be no wine."

"Not a drop. Did you ever hear of such an absurdity? A wedding without wine!"

"Yes, I've heard of such things, but never happened to be a guest at so odd an affair in good society."

Talk like this was heard among a few young men, on the eve of a wedding, to be celebrated at the home of a well-known citizen residing on Chestnut Street.

A few weeks before this, in a family council at the Lyman's, a discussion took place that it is our province to record. Mr. Andrew Lyman is a merchant of Philadelphia, of high character, large wealth, and good social standing. He has two sons and one daughter: These children grew up among the sons and daughters of people of like position with their parents, and acquired the tone of thinking common to their class.

Adeline was an attractive girl in person and in manner, a little spoiled by her position, and the true grace of her sex a little marred by that saucy dash and jauntiness which too many of our girls mistake for ease and independence.

She was to be married. We cannot say that Mr. Lyman felt entirely at ease in his mind touching the future of his daughter. Not that he had any special objection to the young man who had wooed and won her. He was good

enough in his way—a fair specimen of the class he represented. The son of a well-to-do merchant, he had been fairly educated, and at the age of twenty introduced as a clerk into his father's business. He was now a partner with a limited interest, and good expectations. As to his character and personal habits, they were yet in a formative state. The influences surrounding him were not all of the safest character, and he shared the common danger of those who were subject to like influences. He might rise to a high and noble manhood, or sink to unfathomable depths of moral degradation. Nothing in his character as yet developed gave to Mr. Lyman, who had studied him closely, a clue to his future; and so, very naturally, he did not feel altogether at ease in his mind.

But, to the discussion in family council:

"There is one thing," said Mr. Lyman, speaking in his slow, quiet way, when his mind was made up, "that I have thought over a great deal. We have too much drinking at our social entertainments. At nearly all of them wine is used by young men with a dangerous freedom; and very many, I fear, are drawn on and on by the temptation of social parties to their ruin. Now, for one, I have made up my mind to stand conscience-clear in this matter."

"But we are not going to give a large party," said Mrs. Lyman; "it is only a wedding reception."

"With a handsome entertainment," remarked Mr. Lyman.

"Yes," responded the lady.

"But no wine," said Mr. Lyman, setting his lips firmly.

"Why, father!" exclaimed the bride-to-be, actually starting to her feet in surprise.

"You are surely not in earnest," said Mrs. Lyman.

"Altogether in earnest," was answered.

"I have thought about the matter a great deal, and meant to have spoken of it before, and less abruptly than now. I wish that I could get you all to look at the matter as I do. It would be so pleasant to me if we could all see eye to eye, and act in harmony."

"But a wedding without wine, father!" said Adeline, in a voice that was almost choking.

"I have seen a number of weddings in my day," answered Mr. Lyman. "At some of them wine has flowed like water to the hurt of many. At a few of them there has been no wine. And as far as my observation goes, the presence or the absence of wine has not had anything to do with the future happiness of the parties, except so far as its presence on the occasion favored its after use."

"But it is the custom in good society, father," urged one of the sons. "We would draw the laugh upon us from everybody."

"I am sorry you said that, Horace," replied Mr. Lyman.

The color mounted to the young man's forehead; he understood his father.

"He who cannot, in a right cause, brave so small a thing as a laugh, is not made, it seems to me, of very sound stuff," added Mr. Lyman.

The young man winced a little, but answered—"If any good were to come of it, one might set himself against the customs of society. But we shall simply draw the laugh, as I said, and there the matter will end."

"My son," replied Mr. Lyman, "you may set this down as a rule that has no exception; society always gains by the right act of an individual. If I see that evil consequences flow from our social drinking customs, and break the custom so far as I am concerned, then society must be the gainer, small though it be."

"How? In what way?" asked the young man doubtfully.

"It gains through my example. Our neighbor who sees and deplors the evil of intemperance as I do, but has not the moral courage to set himself against it, strengthened by my act, grows brave enough to do in like manner himself. That is one gain. Another may be found in the fact that some weak, young man, who cannot deny his already vitiated appetite, when others are drinking around him, goes away from our house with a clear head, and it may be a thankful heart. Your friend, Hartwell, will, of course, be here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if there is champagne on our table, will drink too much?"

"I am afraid so," answered the young man, a slight depression in his tone of voice.

"He shall never go home to his father and mother from my house, with his brain confused by wine!" said Mr. Lyman, speaking in so emphatic a way that no one for awhile made answer.

At length the daughter said—"I'd rather have no reception."

"As you like," returned her father.

But the family council could not decide against a reception. That would be a social innovation they were not independent enough to make. So the entertainment was without wine.

Was it a stupid affair? By no means. The bride was lovely—the ceremony impressive—the entertainment liberal—the company in the best of spirits. Sisters and wives who, on similar occasions, grew dull and silent as the wine exhilarated brothers and husbands, now showed unusual life and brilliancy. Young men, who were apt at social parties to be silly or boisterous, were now sensible and truly convivial, doing their true part in the festivities of the occasion.

"The pleasantest wedding reception of the season," said one to another, as the guests separated. "And there was no wine."

"No wine!" answered a gentleman to whom the remark was made.

"That's so, as I live! And I never observed the omission. What does it mean?"

"Just this, that Lyman has been brave enough to do what he sees to be right, and I honor him for it, even though not brave enough myself to follow so good an example. Of course, he'll be laughed at."

"Not by any one whose laugh is worth a dime. Sensible people never laugh at such things."

"I believe you there."

On the very next week another family council was held, but not at the house of Mr. Lyman. One of his neighbors had sent out cards for an evening party. The absence of wine at the Lymans' wedding reception set this neighbor to thinking, and gave him courage to think with a purpose. If the invitations had not been out, there would have been no party—the wine and liquor question would have decided that. But, being out, the battle between a clear perception of right, and the dread of a false public sentiment, had to be fought.

"It will never do for us to set ourselves

against society," said the wife timidly. "Some of our guests will take it as a reflection upon themselves—others will think it a virtuous affectation—a bid for notoriety, or a setting up of ourselves as leaders in a reform. We can't, indeed, husband. I am not strong enough for this."

"Shall we not be strong enough to do right, my dear," answered the husband. "No one that I have heard of laughs at or censures the Lyman's."

"But theirs was only a reception. Ours is to be an evening party; and who ever heard of such an affair in good society without wine?"

"If a new thing under the sun," replied the husband, "we shall have the credit of its inauguration."

"It won't take," said the wife. "People are not going to follow our lead in that direction, you may be sure. We shall only get laughed or sneered at, and accomplish no good."

Here the daughter, a young lady of twenty, spoke out in no uncertain way.

"Don't have a drop of liquor," she said. "I'm on father's side. Young men drink a great deal too much at parties. Harry Grant took so much champagne at Mrs. Elmore's, last week, that he was foolish all the evening. I never was so sorry for any one in my life as I was for his sister Julia. And I saw Mrs. Bedford's anxious eyes following her son, George, in the supper-room, and read sorrow and pain in them whenever he put a glass of wine to his lips. I wouldn't on any account see in our house what I have seen at fashionable parties. Father is right. Don't let us have any liquors. I'm ready to face the whole world in this thing."

Thus reinforced, the anti-liquor cause prevailed, and at the party no more exhilarating beverages than coffee and chocolate were served. There were some liftings of eyebrows, and exchanging of shrugs when the company assembled in the banqueting-room, and the usual reinforcements of sherry and champagne were missed. A few of the old stagers, who came more for what they would get to eat and drink than to honor the host and hostess, and who were never able to show their best social points until after the corks began popping, were duller than usual; but a finer and more sympathetic element of pleasure soon evolved itself, and in a little while the room was echoing with rich laughter, and the mingling of happy voices.

"Well done, my friend!" said a gentleman to the host, as he stood sipping a cup of coffee.

"Champagne always gives me the headache, fool that I am ever to touch it! But how can one resist when it sparkles in his eyes temptingly? You have done a brave thing, and I honor and respect you for it."

Now, if there was one in the company about whose opinion the host was over sensitive, this was the man. He had looked for light banter, just covering a sneer; but, instead, got hearty approval.

I cannot set up a drinking-saloon in my house, nor make it a place of temptation for the sons of my friends," answered the host.

The man took the cup of coffee from his lips, and stood in thoughtful silence for a few moments.

"It never struck me just in that way," he said at length, quite soberly, and with a little abstraction of manner. "And yet, the idea you have put in words has more than once dimly shaped itself in my mind. Making drinking-saloons of our homes! That's just it! I thank you, my friend! I shall remember your words."

"Well, it's all over, and I'm glad of it," said the wife, in a tone of relief, after the last guest had departed. "It wasn't as stupid as I feared it would be. But there were many who missed the wine."

"Perhaps so, but they were better without it."

"I don't imagine," said the wife, "that any particular good will come of all this. Our guests of to-night, at the next party they attend, will have plenty of liquor, and drink as freely as usual. We have only intermitted, not stopped the flow of wine."

The husband made no reply. He was not over sanguine as to the effect of his example. But he had done what reason and conscience told him was right, and there he rested. As to party-giving, it was at an end with him and his family. He could not have liquor, and did not feel like again setting himself in opposition to a social custom. And so the matter soon passed out of thought, and became a thing of the past.

But, like every other right act in the world, it bore fruit. Not every one sees the harvest of his good deeds; but still the harvest is sure.

One day, nearly five years after the reception given by Mr. Lyman on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, a gentleman, after paying him some money in settlement of a bill, said—"I owe you another debt not so easily cancelled."

"Ah! On what account?" asked Mr. Lyman, with surprise.

"A few years ago you gave society a lesson and an example which have not been lost."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir. I was not at the wedding reception of your daughter; but I attended a large party given a week afterward, by one of our citizens residing near you. Following your good example, he excluded all kinds of intoxicating liquor from the entertainment. A thing so novel set people to thinking and talking; and I know that the sad evils that come from the free use of wine among our young people, so common at evening parties, was soberly discussed in many family circles, and that in not a few of them no party has since been given because, with some member of the family, conscience forbade the free circulation of liquors; and the rest were not willing to brave public opinion like you and your neighbor, and give an entertainment without wine.

"But I have something more nearly personal to say. I have two sons. One of them, lured on by our social drinking customs—tempted with wine at fashionable evening parties, where 'good citizens' turn their dining-halls into drinking-saloons—lost for a time the control of his appetite. Often has he come home to us from the house of a friend, with his brain all stupid or on fire from the wine and brandy that friend has poured out for his guests, young and old, as freely as though it were water.

"He was at the party to which I have referred. His mother and I were guests, both of us bearing in our hearts a dull weight of anxiety about our boy, whose many good and noble qualities were in such danger of a sad eclipse. When supper was announced, I saw my wife's eyes turn instinctively toward our son, and knew by the expression they wore what was in her thoughts. Ah sir! they only know who have had a fear like ours what a light bound of relief our hearts gave when we clearly comprehended the fact that there was no wine on the richly furnished table.

"Well, sir, we received our boy home that night as clear-headed as when he went out. And, what was better and gladder still, were able to lead him into such a conviction of his danger that he set a seal of abstinence on his lips that has not up to this day been broken. It was the contrast of that evening, and the discussion it awakened, not only in our home, but in the homes of many of our friends, that gave light to our boy's mind, and strength to his

will. He saw himself on the brink of a dark and fearful gulf, and started back in horror. I thank you, sir, for the good example you set. It has blessed my home, oh! so richly—and many other homes, I doubt not."

And giving the hand of Mr. Lyman a grasp full of strong emotion, he turned and went away.

So, after many days, Mr. Lyman gathered from the field where he had sown in doubt a few ripe sheaves; but of the rich harvests that grew in other fields from the seed of this planting, he could not know, but many hearts gathered them in thankfulness and joy.

THE MARCH OF THE SEASONS.

BY FAUSTINE.

FIRST the spring, with rosy fingers,
Scatters blossoms o'er the earth,
Brings the song-birds and the zephyrs,
Fills the brooklet's voice with mirth;
Paints the sky with hues of azure,
Clothes the earth with robes of green,
Kisses all the slumbering blossoms
Till their blushes bright are seen.

Then appears the gorgeous summer,
With her wealth of heat and glow,
Crowned with roses red and gleaming,
Decked with lilies pure as snow;
All the passion of the tropics
Burning in her fiery heart,
Onward sweeps the queenly summer,
She has played her brilliant part.

Autumn follows in her footsteps,
Laden with the golden grain,
With the harvest fruits which prove
That summer gave no smiles in vain;
Touches with her magic brush
The leaves upon the forest trees,
And they turned to gold and crimson,
Flaunt awhile within the breeze;

Then, their slender hold unloosing,
Flutter downward one by one,
Fading, dying on the ground,
Their brilliant hues grown brown and dun;
Lying graveless 'neath the weeping
Of the dreary autumn rain,
Ne'er shall beautiful life be given
To the fallen leaves again.

But old winter, coming fleetly,
Spite of all his weight of years,
Seems the leaves and flowers to pity,
Lying dead upon their biers;
So he gives them dainty snow-shrouds,
O'er them piles the snow-wreaths high,
And above their graves the north wind
Sadly moans as he goes by.

IF.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER II.

SHE would not break her heart over it. There was work to do in the world, and whatever mistake she had made, whatever chance of happiness she had lost—saddest of all, whatever life she had helped to mar, it was sheer, wicked waste of time and force to sit down weeping and bewailing, as if all power of action were exhausted in the past misdoing. Better be up and working with fresh vigor; for while there is a right to do, what folly to sit grieving over a wrong done! Ah me! A million times by a million sufferers the same thing has been said; but how few in the million with strength of mind to act as well! For it is hard to put away the sorrow and regret, the longing and the pain, the tears and the lament, and bravely face a future out of which all the brightness of love, and the rainbow splendors of hope, have dropped—a future with no distinct figures in it, only a dead, level blank, to be filled up somehow with commonplace duties, cold and compulsory, like those of the present, with no heartglow or inspiration in them.

More frequently than ever, now, Paul Hermann happened in of an evening to chat an hour with Carlotta, and the "hour," unconsciously to both, quite often lengthened to two or three. They had always a host of things to talk about, though they rarely talked of themselves, and time slipped imperceptibly, while Carlotta's woes, like the ills of a chronic invalid, were forgotten momentarily in the interest of more cheering matters. Whether the professor understood the case, she did not know, nor, indeed, think. There were none of those personal confidences between them which, whatever present comfort they may seem to yield, are too often afterward remembered with regret. It is a mistake to suppose that *trust* implies the pouring of every thought, feeling, and experience into another's keeping. The strongest, truest friendships may, and I might say do, exist without the interchange of any such tender confidences. We do not love nor trust our friend the less because we do not make his bosom the receptacle of all our griefs.

It must have been three months after St.

John's marriage, for that was in midwinter, and this, I know, was in the dawn of spring, for the constellations which had flashed and sparkled so brilliantly through the crisp frosty nights were hanging on the western rim of the sky, their most glorious lights flickering pallidly now like dying tapers faintly discernible through the soft, warm mist; and there was a thunder in the valleys of streams set free from their icy prisons and swollen by spring rains, a chirrup of frogs in the watery marshes, and a balmy softness and sweetness in the air suggestive of the delicious odor of swelling buds and springing woodland flowers.

Carlotta had gone out for a long breath under the maples that stood about the house, bearing on their straight, upright branches, like candelabra alight, little, feathery, fragrant jets of bloom; and here, coming for his evening call, Professor Hermann joined her, walking up and down the sere-brown sward, which in sheltered spots began to show a tender, delicate shade of green, faint and beautiful as the scarlet glow in the branches overhead.

The soft, odorous air out-of-doors was so much sweeter and purer than the close atmosphere of the dark little parlor within, that they did not hasten to enter, but continued to walk back and forth beneath the trees, waiting the rising of a star that was to settle some light astronomical dispute into which they had fallen.

A hoarseness in the professor's voice, and a slight, hacking cough, to which he was subject, smote discordantly on Carlotta's ear. She glanced at him with affectionate concern, and taking the scarf that had dropped upon her arm, she wound it about his neck with a touch of sisterly care, folding it warmly over throat and lungs.

Her hand had hardly finished its kindly office before it was seized and covered with passionate kisses.

"My darling! my darling!" murmured Professor Paul.

A sudden chill and dread struck to Carlotta's heart, and she withdrew her hand quickly from the ardent clasp in which it was held. What meant that tender, impassioned tone, that swift, breathless caress? Had she been so blind, so

wrapped in her own selfish feelings, that she had mistaken for calm, brotherly regard a sentiment of a warmer nature? Had she unconsciously, in her open, frankly expressed pleasure in his society, fostered, and seemingly responded to a passion whose existence she had never suspected?

Gentle, sympathetic, with a delicate and intuitive understanding of her moods, Paul Hermann seemed much like a woman friend, and perhaps, in her loneliness and desolation, she had welcomed him more warmly, and manifested a greater degree of affection than the nature of their relations warranted. She could not tell if it were so—her thoughts were in a whirl and tumult—and she had never considered the matter until that moment when it seemed to her that if God had ever given her a brother she must have regarded him with much the same feeling that she cherished for this man, a still, calm, trustful affection, true and tender, but not a thing to move her soul profoundly, to rule and sway her wholly, like the master love of life.

Vague, troubled impressions, rather than clearly defined thoughts, were these which flashed on her mind in the brief space of silence that followed the professor's passionate exclamation, and she did not know that she had turned quite away from him in her sudden repulsion of feeling, until with gentle force he drew her again to his side.

Quite as rapid had been his reflections, and more clear, if not less agitated, than hers. He was not a man given to strong exhibitions of feeling, and this impulsive and unpremeditated overflow was an earnest of deeper things. However little such a demonstration might mean with others, he knew it was sufficient with them to disturb the sweet security and confidence of their previous relations, and render Carlotta shy and cold, and he saw—his thought glancing over the matter with lightning swiftness—that a full confession and perfect understanding must follow, to restore the freedom and ease so suddenly lost.

"I did not mean to startle you—to offend you, perhaps—by this premature betrayal of my love," he said gently, "but the secret escaped me unawares. After all, you must have known sooner or later how dear you are to me—dearer than anything in life, Carlotta, dearer than life itself."

She was wringing her hands in passionate distress, and he saw in the dim light that her face was pale and agitated.

"Hush! Paul Hermann, hush! You must

not say such words to me," she interrupted with an appealing gesture.

"They are truth, Carlotta," he answered simply. "Forgive the utterance at last. I have wanted so long to say—I love you, I love you, my darling!"

She shrank away from him, repelled by the thrilling tenderness of his voice and the fervor of his look, felt, rather than seen, through the growing dark.

"Paul Hermann, Paul Hermann—Brother Paul!" she wailed, with flowing tears. "Do not say it in that way—do not say it with that look. It is cruel. I needed your love, but not such love. We might have been so happy. Your friendship was such a comfort to me, and I needed comfort more than you know. I had such confidence in you—you were so frank, and kind, and brother-like—and I treated you without reserve, for I felt such entire sisterly freedom with you. Perhaps you have misconstrued both words and actions of mine; perhaps you have thought"—she choked suddenly, and recoiled from him another step—"perhaps you have thought that my regard for you was of a tenderer nature than friendship, and warranted such language as this?"

"No, Carlotta, no," he hastened to say, with a generous warmth that left no room to doubt his sincerity, "you have never given me the slightest encouragement to speak such words. Your manner has been always that of a frank, true sister—nothing more. Do not let any such reflections embitter your feelings toward me. I have no foundations to build a hope upon, and it was ungenerous to betray your confidence in me by the unexpected and unwelcome confession of a love that you do not, and perhaps never can, reciprocate. Forget for to-night that I have said anything to disturb the harmony and freedom of our relations, and be your own kind, genial self once more. Another time we must talk further of this matter, but not while it distresses you so much. Your hand, Lotta. Let us go in and read our evening lesson in Schiller just as if nothing unusual had happened out here."

She responded by laying her hand silently on his arm, and they walked up the path to the house and went in, mindless of the winking splendor of the star for whose rising they had forgotten that they waited.

But in spite of their united efforts to pass the evening in their usual happy, unreserved fashion, there was a constraint of feeling and manner between them never before experienced, and their thoughts were a good deal less on

the things they talked about, than on the little episode which they were trying to forget. It was later than usual when the professor rose to go, for he was loth to leave without saying something to remove the unhappy effect of his involuntary confession, but nothing to the point occurring to his thought, he sadly took his departure with only a silent, lingering pressure of Carlotta's hand, who seemed nervous and fearful lest he should revert again to the subject which filled the minds of both.

Left to herself, Carlotta ran up to her own private room, shut and locked her door as if that were a necessary precaution against intrusion, and throwing herself on a lounge, buried her face in her arms, and let the tempest that had been gathering all the evening have its way.

One of "woman's rights" from nature you know. Stand to it, sisters—the right to weep. No sulky, sullen, rainy-day dripping and snivelling before folks, but a downright sky-clearing, air-purifying tempest, with a cataract of tears and a hurricane of sobs, and your door shut, and the bolt slipped, and the window closed, and the whole night ahead to get through with it, and over it, and no one to molest and make afraid. Haply all the griefs that you ever suffered will contribute their heaviness to the cloud of your new affliction which you are to do your best to dissipate in tears and sighs, and so make a finishing of the business for the time, and have done with it. Faint, and worn, and spent, with hardly life to breathe after the storm, but with vision wonderfully cleared, and heart wonderfully lightened, lying close to God, humble, and patient, and submissive, ready to know and do.

Carlotta told herself that she had but one friend in the world—and, oh! cruel fate!—she was about to lose that one. And then the storm burst, and she lay low in its power—all the loneliness and desolation of her lot pressing in upon her soul, more dreary and awful from vivid contrast with the joy and blessedness that might have been—that might have been if—if—O Heaven! she must not think. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew as in that scriptural story of the house that was builded on a rock, and was not swept away.

But one friend in the world—that was the sad refrain to her tempestuous thoughts—none the less mournful because not quite true, since she believed it. And to lose that friend. For she thought she understood human nature well enough to foresee that a lover rejected never

could be a friend. And it would be so hard to part with Paul Hermann, so hard to go on her lonely way without the friendly sympathy and companionship that had brightened it, so hard to give up her friend.

Need she give him up?

The question came to her after her strength was spent, and she lay with nerveless hands thrown over her head, and bosom heaving, now and then, with swift, shuddering, spasmodic sighs. Need she give him up? He was good and true, and she loved him with a calm, gentle affection which she could not believe would ever fail. What was there in the marriage vow that she might not truly promise? To love, honor, and cherish in sickness and in health—that would not be difficult. Nothing within the bounds of friendship would be hard to promise or perform—but beyond? Swift as lightning, and as defiant of her will, the thought of St. John flashed into her mind, and she shrank with an involuntary shiver of aversion from the suggestion of any closer union with Paul Hermann than the bond of brotherly affection.

Worldly prudence would have counselled her that in the very source of this shrinking from and repugnance to the suggested union, lay a potent reason for its consummation as a means to aid her in the duty of forgetting one whom it was no longer her right to remember with any lingering thrill of tenderness. But that tempest of feeling had swept her up to a higher region of thought than worldly wisdom ever may reach, and she saw that however much wrong was involved in the tender memory of St. John—and God knew she did not voluntarily harbor such memory—the acceptance of an honest undivided love which she could not requite would never right that wrong. It seemed to her that the latter were the deeper sin of the two. For she was not of the ivy type of women, whose affections, torn from one support, can readily twine themselves upon the next that offers.

Slow in coming to a consciousness of her love, the sentiment once recognized and acknowledged became a part of her life—its ejection, or transfer to a new object, a present impossibility. She had faith to believe that, in time, by resolutely ignoring the existence of this slow, strong passion—which had taken her soul in its grip so quietly that she did not guess its power until she came to struggle with it—she might crush out its life and be free of it; but the victory should be her own. She wished neither helpers nor confidants; and let worldly

prudence counsel as it might, she would not rush into a marriage repulsive to her feelings, as if she were desperate, or afraid to trust herself. The same pride ruled her here that had determined her to remain in Barnshire after her rupture with St. John. She would not run away like a coward, with a consciousness of guilt. She would not leave behind her a man whom, if by any chance she should meet in after life, she would fear to face, under whose eye she would flush or pale, whose hand she would tremble to touch, whose name she would falter over.

Right there where she had come for permanent occupation and usefulness before she knew of St. John's existence, right there she would stay as though St. John were not, and instead of striving with guilty sense to forget, learn to remember with indifference.

To this grim resolution she had thus far staunchly held, and in like spirit she proposed to deal with the new trouble. Marriage, she argued, was a divine institution set apart to those who gave themselves freely, unreservedly, and eternally to each other, and it was a sin to enter it with a divided heart, a shame to make it a shift to escape from thought of one who must be as the dead to her. One sin could not be exorcised by another.

And having come to this decision, she lifted herself from the cushions where she had lain motionless while thought worked, and slipping softly down upon her knees, with the humility and dependence of a little child, prayed to God, who, in His tender and benign Humanity, seemed standing close beside her, for strength to keep her resolutions and do the right.

And rising with a consciousness of blessing that does not always follow prayer, she quietly disrobed in the dark, warned by the stillness of the house of the lateness of the hour, and with wet bandage over fevered eyes and throbbing temples, dropped upon her pillow, and fell into the deep, almost breathless sleep that comes with peace after exhausting mental conflict.

Now you know that these high resolves, formed in the solitude of night, and in exalted mood, seem something too heroic brought down to the garish light and common matters of the day, and insensibly they slip away from us, or we slip away from them, under the influence of counsel and example which we think we ought to respect, and motives of prudence and low self-interest govern us after all.

But Carlotta, perhaps because she was free from intermeddling advisers, who would have

insisted on substituting their wisdom and experience for her own clear convictions, held firmly to her purpose, and when the professor came again, with a tender eagerness in his greeting that hinted of a secret, trembling hope of her favor, she said to him, not without a struggle, for she suffered deeply in the course she felt constrained to pursue—"After what passed last night, Professor Hermann, I am not happy to see you again."

He had been sitting silent for some moments, watching in a dreary sort of reverie the sparkling fire in the grate, for, with the fickleness of spring weathers, this evening, unlike the previous one, had the chill of winter in it, and the little parlor that had seemed so dark and dingy in yesterday's warm, rose twilight, was once more aglow with the only light in which it ever looked cheerful.

He started slightly at her words—shrank as if he had received a blow, and, leaning forward, with his elbow on his knee, dropped his head upon his hand without response.

A thrill of sympathetic pain, and a soft swell of pity, disquieted Carlotta's heart as she noted the movement and the pathos of the attitude. So good, so gentle, and with a nature so susceptible of suffering, she thought, her eyes filling with tears as she gazed at him. Why should she, whose own happiness was wrecked, make him also wretched? If such affection as she had to bestow was of any worth to him, why should she withhold it? If her acceptance of his love would make him happier, why should she reject it? For she had henceforth only the happiness of others to think of and care for.

She bent forward, with an impulse of tenderness moving her to kneel down by the bowed figure before her and offer the consolation of hope; but principle triumphed over feeling, and she leaned back again, biding the answer to the words she could not revoke. She would be true, let who must suffer. It was the lack of fidelity, she argued, the willingness to feed on husks, the readiness, when the highest good is missed, to grasp at something lower, that made life so mean, and its relations so gross and unholy. She would be true to her convictions of right. It was all that she could do to exalt and ennoble what others had debased and profaned.

The professor rose to his feet, cast a troubled glance at her, took two or three slow turns across the room, with his head bowed upon his breast, and at last came and stood beside her.

"Carlotta," he said, "do not send me away.

You do not love me now, but I can wait months—years—a lifetime—give me but the shadow of a hope. Do not send me away, Lotta."

"I do not send you, Brother Paul," she answered quietly, motioning him to a seat; "but there is nothing to wait for. All that I can ever give you I give you now—a sister's true, fervent affection—and God knows how happy your satisfied acceptance of this would make me."

Paul Hermann's pale face grew a shade paler. "Your regard may deepen," he ventured, and a faint red dashed his pallor. "As years pass, your feeling may change—"

"In degree, perhaps, but not in kind," she said with decision, finishing his faltering sentence.

Her firmness seemed to irritate him. "How can you be so sure?" he questioned, with a flash of resentment at variance with his usual gentle habit—"how can you be so sure if you have never loved?"

Her eyes drooped away from his, her heart gave a bound, sending the conscious blood to her cheek.

Professor Hermann looked at her in a dazed, bewildered way. "Have I been so blind?" he said, putting his hand to his forehead in sudden abstraction of thought, which, if it improved his vision, did not lift the grave shadow that had fallen over his face.

He folded his arms on the little table between them, and looked at her intently. "Lotta, I think I see—but may I ask—"

"Nothing," she said briefly, cutting short his gentle interrogation.

"Forgive me. I did not mean to be impertinent," he apologized. "But I am not secretive in matters of the heart, and did not reflect that others might be. I love you, and all the world may know it. I think the little world of Burnshire does know it, and is better for it. No man or woman can love truly and purely without bettering the world. Your landlady has the misfortune to possess a very vixenish temper, but when I come to see you she smooths her brows, and smiles at me benignantly, remembering the long-ago dream of her youth, which I am sure was never realized, and for half an hour she is bland and sweet as a summer zephyr, and all the house is freshened. Even the passers on the street, who meet me turning in at the gate, bow with involuntary reverence, as if they knew the errand that brought me hither, and move on with a sudden light breaking in their usually hard, material

faces that tells of a tender feeling touched, or a sacred memory revived. The truth you were slow to discern was patent to every one else, for I never thought to conceal it—I loved Carlotta Castleton better than my life, and the firm exaltation of spirit that came with the consciousness seemed like an atmosphere enfolding all who approached me, and confessing to all its luminous centre and source."

"And now?" she said, as if all that were a thing of the past.

"And now," he repeated, looking at her with tender sadness, "can there be any difference? The knowledge that you do not respond to my love does not change the fact of its existence. The qualities that inspired it remain. I shall go on loving you just the same to the end. Do not vex yourself about it. It is none of your business."

"People will call you weak," said Carlotta.

"That will not make me so," was responded.

"They are weak whose love thrives on favors, and dies with repulse. My regard for you is not founded on nor supported by your regard for me. In other words, I do not love myself in you, and feel no shame in loving you unloved. The charge will never make me blush."

"But if it were a sin," she said, in a low, awe-stricken voice, turning her face half aside, as if there were some story in it which she would have hidden.

"What could make it that?" he asked quickly, looking at her keenly.

"My marriage with another," she answered with constrained quiet.

Paul Hermann started slightly, with another swift, searching glance at her averted face. "I should never trouble you," he said, "never interfere in any manner with your chosen relations. For the rest it is a matter that does not concern you nor any one, but lies wholly between my God and myself. There is no law, human nor divine, that forbids a love, pure and unselfish, seeking only the highest good and happiness of its object."

Carlotta did not answer, and a silence of several minutes ensued, broken at last by the professor, who, rousing himself from his abstracted study of the coals, turned about and laid his hand upon the arm of her chair.

"I have seen your heart, Carlotta," said he quietly.

"Then you will go," she returned without looking at him.

"No. I shall stay. You have need of me."

"What encouragement have I given you?"

"You called me Brother Paul just now."

Her face brightened. "Will you really be my brother?"

"Since I cannot be your husband."

"A thought never to be named. Are you sure that you understand me, Paul Hermann?"

"I am sure that I understand you."

"And you will never renew the subject of this evening's conversation—never, so long as we both shall live?"

"Never, so long as we both shall live," he responded solemnly.

"Brother Paul."

"Sister Lotta."

They stood up simultaneously, and clasping hands, looked into each other's faces like old friends newly met.

"The seal to the compact," said the professor, bending forward to press a kiss upon her forehead.

And here was the new birth of a friendship with the germ of immortal life in it, and they sat down gravely silent, yet with the solemn joy that comes with triumph over temptation, and peace after conflict.

I cannot say that they tasted the full sweets of their new covenant at once. There were doubts and regrets, the pain of unmet love, the ruin of precious hopes, the trouble of reviving memories, and it required time to wear away the feeling of constraint which these things produced, and beget the full confidence and freedom that belonged to their promised relationship.

Two or three years passed without other event to Carlotta than the partial realization of her scheme of a home earned and maintained by her own labor—a partial realization—for the state of her finances as yet allowed only the rent of a pretty cottage and grounds on the outskirts of the town, where, with her housekeeper, her gardener, and a half dozen pupils as boarders, she set up her Lares and Penates, and arrogated the dignity of a householder. A favorite dream of hers was, later, to make her home a shelter and refuge for some more helpless, friendless, and uncared-for than herself, but for the present her limited resources compelled her to make it, as far as possible, self-supporting, and her charitable impulses in this direction had to expend themselves mainly in plans for the future.

People who thought her course somewhat erratic for a beautiful young lady with good matrimonial chances (to which every woman, as a matter of course, is supposed to have an eye), wondered if there were not some disappointment in her life, and if she were quite

happy. She could not have told them. She never asked herself whether she were happy or miserable—never thought about it. It was not a question of such profound moment that it would matter a hundred years hence which way it were answered. The question which immediately concerned her was, whether she was making the most of her life, and in her anxious endeavor to meet this inquiry fairly and satisfactorily, she forgot to make her own feelings the subject of painful investigation and solicitude. Her days were given to the duties of her profession, her evenings were devoted to study or the entertainment of her very few chosen friends, and as she courted sleep rather than retrospection through the dead night-watches, there was left only the narrow margin of the twilight for reveries and dreams which reached out into the light of the future rather than back into the shadow of the past. The monotony of her life was pleasant to her, and she would have been disturbed by any unwonted ripple in its even current.

Of St. John, though living in such close proximity, she knew comparatively little, never having interchanged a word with him since that fatal night when Professor Hermann's presence had innocently wrought him up to such a pitch of jealousy, and driven him to the desperate decision which no after repentance could revoke. It was not because she had indulged her desire to avoid him; her purpose to think of him precisely as she would of any other indifferent acquaintance, did not permit her to go a step out of his way; it was, rather, because he had avoided her, a kindness for which, if she had allowed herself to have any feeling in the matter, she would have been profoundly grateful, since it saved her the humiliation of manifest agitation and pain, which, in spite of her resolute and rigorous system of repression, would have resulted from contact with him.

To the current gossip about the infelicity of his domestic life, she gave no ear. It was nothing to her, she said, and would not have confessed that it was pain instead of indifference which made her shrink from hearing it discussed. To his public life she paid more heed, though here there was nothing satisfying to one who knew his generous gifts, and had anticipated for him a brilliant and useful career. It was all sadly disappointing, the more because the promise had been so bright. In what measure was she responsible for this failure? She could not face the question. She turned away shud-

she was beginning to breathe more freely, when a hurried step behind her quickened her pulses again.

"Miss Castleton."

An almost irresistible impulse to run seized upon her, but, commanding herself, she turned about and stood face to face with St. John.

The possible event which we quake with terror in contemplating, praying with fervency that we may be spared its fearful test, often turns out a very common-place, inconsequential affair when it comes. The race of her pulses suddenly stilled, and she bowed composedly, as if her meeting with him were an every-day occurrence.

"Permit me to restore a book which you accidentally dropped in passing," he said, presenting a dainty copy of a poem lately issued.

"Ah! thank you. One I had just finished reading to Professor Hermann. I would not like to have lost it," she returned quietly, taking the book from his hand with a parting bow.

She had been reading the book to Professor Hermann, and she would not like to have lost it. Two facts gratuitously stated in connection, to let him know that it was valuable from associations in which he had no share, argued St. John. But the bow did not dismiss him. The pavement was wide enough for two, however much she might regret the fact, and if he chose to walk that way there was no disputing his right. He had kept step with her too often in the old days to get in advance or fall in the rear going the same road.

"Your friend, the professor, has been quite low, I hear," he remarked, as one neighbor to another.

"Yes," she said, in a voice subdued by the memory of the white face that had startled her with its deathly look when, with the first news of his attack, she had hastened to his rooms. "But he is gaining strength rapidly now, and will soon be on duty again," she added more cheerfully.

"Do you have hopes of his permanent recovery?"

"Scarcely. The malady is too deeply seated. It inheres with his life. Consumption, he tells me, is the heritage of his family."

St. John looked at the lovely, serious face, clouded with concern, the sweet lips quivering with emotion, the dark-fringed eyelids downcast and pearled with tears.

"Carlotta," he said gently, "I hope this threatened bereavement may be long averted. My most fervent prayer is always that you may be happy."

She glanced up quickly. Very evidently he misunderstood her relations with the professor, as many others had done. Was it necessary to undeceive him?

"It is sad to miss our friend from the places where we have been used to see him," she answered softly, "to hear his voice, to meet his hand, to look in his face no more—it is very sad. But for one who regards death as less a separation than a change, there are infinite sources of comfort. We lose our friend upon the lower plane of companionship only to find him on a higher. Sense is bereaved to give to the soul. The visible friend at our side may not be so close to us as the invisible."

"You have no need, I see, of any consolation that I could offer," St. John responded gloomily; and they walked on in troubled silence until they reached the corner at which he was accustomed to turn.

"We part here, I believe?" Carlotta said, stepping back, surprised to see that he made no movement, turned no look in that direction.

"No, I am not going that way to-night. I have no business on that street now," he replied, pausing an instant for her lagging feet to come up, and walking steadily forward again.

For the first time since he joined her, she gave him a close, scrutinizing look. His face was haggard and careworn, his eyes sunken and heavy, as if they were strangers to sleep, his whole appearance that of a man in deep trouble and anxiety of mind. Her heart cried for the privilege to speak to him as a friend might do, to ask his trouble, and to plead with him against the indulgence of that fatal habit which was slowly undermining and laying in hopeless ruin the structure of a life that had once promised to be so noble; but she durst not break the ice of apparent indifference that had formed between them, for underneath sobbed and swelled a current which, once set free, would bear them she knew not into what wild, passionate, forbidden speech. She could not talk to this man as she would to another—both might be betrayed in the attempt.

But the silence between them was growing insupportable with its unutterable thoughts, and casting about for some topic of conversation which did not concern themselves, she seized upon the first that presented itself to her mind—the sudden disappearance of one of the chief sufferers by the late failure, a mystery of which every one was talking.

"That is a strange affair, is it not?—the sudden vanishing of Giles Parrish's portly person.

No tidings of him have been received, I suppose?"

She looked up for the response, which seemed too slow in coming, and was startled by the deathly pallor that had crept into his face. It was some moments before he controlled his agitation sufficiently to answer—"No tidings have been received, I believe."

Carlotta looked away from him, a vague terror clutching at her heart, and ventured no further remark. The night seemed closing around them fast, with some unwonted chill and darkness, and she breathed a silent "Thank God!" as her hand touched the gate leading to her little cottage. She entered and closed it. He stood without.

"Carlotta," he said huskily, as she turned away with a low good-night, "will you ask me to go in with you? I am in deep trouble; I need sympathy and counsel. Let me confide in you."

She did not dare trust herself to look in his face. She glanced past him at the angry spark of red glowing like a coal in the gray, ashy clouds that had hidden the sunset, and the roar of the river which crossed the street below rose to the thunder of a cataract in her ears.

"St. John, pardon me, but I must refuse you," she answered. "There is one to whom your confidence belongs; there is one whose sympathy and counsel in trouble is your right. Go to her."

She withdrew her eyes from the distant point beyond him, still without letting them fall to his face, and hurried up to the house; but at the door she looked back.

St. John stood with his head bowed upon the gate; but while she struggled with the impulse to go back to him with more generous words, he lifted himself, and, without another glance in her direction, walked slowly down toward the river road, and was lost to her among the swaying shadows of the windy twilight.

(Concluded next month.)

ALL poetry may be reduced to two classes—the first expressing thoughts common to the human mind, and pouring out the melody and raising the chorus in which the multitude will join; the second embodies thoughts entirely original, speaks only to the highest order of cultivated intellect, and appeals to persons of the most refined and delicate sensibilities. The great majority of poets belong to the former class, while there are comparatively few in the latter.

MAUD.

BY MARY E. MACMILLAN.

LOVELY was Maud, with starry eyes,
Shaded by lashes of shining gold,
A straight, proud nose, a roseleaf mouth,
A plumed chin of cunning mould.

Gifted was Maud; a poet's heart
Beat 'neath her bosom, so snowy white;
Maud's mind was a garden where bright flowers
bloomed,
Blossoms of sentiment, sparkling and bright.

Polished in rhythm, in sentiment pure,
Maud's own life was a poem sweet;
But, alas! too short for those that read,
For it ended where maiden and woman hood meet.

"Whom the gods love, die young," they say;
So Maud, our sweetest, our fairest, our best,
Died at the close of a summer's day,
When the sun in its glory illumined the west.

We laid her to rest in a sunny dell,
Where oft in her lifetime she loved to rove;
How we shuddered, as earth clouds dropped between
Us and our beautiful, pure, white dove.

We mourn without ceasing, but not without hope,
For we know that afar in heavenly lands
When the silver chords of life are loosed,
Maud will meet us with outstretched hands.

MY NEIGHBOR.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

"I ASK no more of her," I said;
"She treats me ill, I will not go
Beneath her roof to taste her bread,
Or any way my friendship show."
And thus I passed her day by day,
And sternly looked the other way.

The child I loved was prostrate laid
Just on the verge of death's dark door;
In helpless agony I prayed
The Lord my darling to restore.
My prayer was heard; to save my child
He sent the neighbor I reviled.

With tireless service, kind and sweet,
She wooed my loved one back to life;
Ashamed, and humbled at her feet,
I sought forgiveness for my strife;
And now to her I fain would be
All that my neighbor is to me.

Our neighbors, ah! in prosperous days,
And smiling seas, with scornful pride
We toss our heads, and go our ways,
And ask for naught, the world is wide;
But, oh! when adverse waves we see,
Our hearts reach out for sympathy.

MOTHERS' MISTAKES.

BY NEIL FOREST.

IT is to be doubted whether in any other line of life one can be as conscientiously inconsistent as in a mother's. Even when trying to do her best, she must feel that she is constantly making mistakes. A first child is to be pitied, still more, its mother. One often hears the older children of a large family complaining that their little brothers and sisters are spoiled; they fancy that the hand which held so tight a rein formerly has become feeble. But the mother only smiles, and then sighs, as she wonders if, in avoiding her first mistakes, she is now falling into others equally bad. A great deal has been said about over severity and too great indulgence, still more about the neglect of children by worldly women. But the first never lacks criticism from the on-lookers, and the last is a gross and glaring sin, appreciated by the most commonplace. The mistakes which influence the character of children are subtle matters. A conscientious woman may thank God that she is holier than some of her frivolous friends, she may pride herself on her motherly care, yet all the time be sinning against her own cherished little ones. One of her earliest errors is in looking upon her first-born as an ideal. It must inevitably grow up as all children do; it will be a very fair average child, doubtless, but this does not content her; she is determined, by principle and practice, precept and example, to convert this little creature into an ideal child. It has been said that a child learns more of perfection from example than precept, by-the-by, but this is the hardest way for the mother, who soon falls into the habit of relying on precept. Of course, as far as intellect goes, the little bundle of flannel is to be far superior to all other similar bundles lying round in different parts of the universe; that is a foregone conclusion. But a young, imaginative, and religious mother thinks of more than this. She devotes her darling to the Lord, as did Hannah, but she forgets that all are not called to be Samuels. Great are her sorrows when, after the lapse of a very few years, her ideal fades slowly but surely before her eyes, and only a romping, rampaging, riotous boy remains. The thirst which, she fancied, would induce him to drink deep of the Pierian

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Spring, is easily slaked by the alphabet, and the multiplication-table proves a surfeit. Worse than this, the stubborn, sturdy, little red knees refuse always to bend in prayer; at times, even a wrestling match ensues before they can be made to assume the conventional attitude. Even then little Samuel puts up a petition for toast or hot bixit, or giddle-cakes, instead of the orthodox daily bread, and after many peeps through his fat fingers, and winks of his bright eyes, prefers to pull the maternal nose, rather than to say amen. Surely this is very different behavior from the little prophet's, who, girded with his linen ephod, served willingly in the temple. The mother sees irreverence, and very likely punishes it, insists upon a repetition of the holy words, and listens to the sobbing, halting prayer, feeling that she is doing her duty, though it gives her a heavy heart. She even wonders if it is a possible thing that her child is not one of the kind of which the kingdom of heaven is composed. This thought disturbs her, and she resolves to bring it up in the way it should go. The result is a long and bitter struggle. The little four-year-old looking on its mother's face, sees there that to worship is to fear. The little four-year-old angel looking always on its Father's face in heaven, sees that to worship is to love. The mother, all unconsciously, teaches her child to be afraid of God, while she would conscientiously teach it the fear of God. Two very different things. One leads to coldness, distrust, hardness of heart; the other, to those gentle paths where the loving Saviour carries the lambs tenderly in His bosom. When the mother sees her mistake, she is content to wait till the voice of God shall call her child, deeply grateful if, in obedience to her simple teachings, he shall answer—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." It is, however, a very common mistake to expect a spiritual life in children, because the Saviour made use of them as emblems of purity. Obedience and docility can be attained by children; they believe what they are told to believe, and do what they are told to do, which is more than can be said for most adults; but this is their religion. They know nothing of the inner life of the soul, they have no doubts nor conflicts,

thank God; they have no experience of life, no trial of faith; why should they? How can they lead spiritual lives?

Yet many mothers will sigh because the daily prayer is a burden to these restless little souls, and inwardly groan because the boy prefers a romp to his Bible, the inspiring ditty of Dumpty-Diddlety to the cradle hymn, or the story-book on Saturday to his Catechism on Sunday. They will speak of the neglect of a habit of prayer with deepest sorrow, in which a hopeless feeling is predominant. They have reasoned with, they have prayed, they have striven for this child, yet, at nine years old, he dislikes the habit of prayer, does not take to it naturally, and has to be constantly reminded and forced to do it.

Our experience goes to show that very few, if any, boys like the habit of washing their faces and hands. Yet this form of hydrophobia generally disappears about the age of fourteen. Need a mother look upon her boy as an outcast from society because his finger nails are in permanent mourning at the age of nine? As far as the habit goes, it will be formed when the necessity for it is felt. The child does not see, what the young man does, that the requirements of society demand outward purity. The child cannot see, what the Christian does, that the requirements of religion demand inward purity. A child may be scrubbed daily, and will resist daily, weeping soapy tears from smarting eyes. This process will hardly make it love its bath; and it may be coerced into prayerful habits, and may repeat its prayers daily with inward impatience; but this will hardly make it love religion.

Have patience, young mothers. See how slowly all things move that move in order. It takes many days of rain and sun to open the rose, many weeks of patient waiting before that grain is ripe for harvest. The butterfly lies dormant many a month in its chrysalis condition; the tree shows nothing but leaves for years before it bears luscious fruit.

There comes a time when the child realizes the great truth, that when it would do good evil is present with it. "Mamma, I want to be good, but somehow or other I can't," is the childish version of St. Paul's abstruse theory. Ah! this is the time to watch for the bending of the knee, to show the light of the lamp of life, to point earnestly to the hallowed cross, to speak of the tried and tempted One. Yet many a mother thinks the lessons of infancy enough; that because the habit of prayer has been formed, she need not watch so closely now.

Another mistake is the very common one of forcing open a child's mind as one would an oyster. Bible stories told to illustrate the punishment merited for some childish peccadillo, is part of this system. Countless mistakes are made in the one matter of Bible education. The fearful story told to a young child works upon the emotional part of its nature; it produces a great impression, doubtless, just the same that the sensation novel will awaken a few years later. The story of Elisha and the mocking children will make a little one scream lustily at nights, after the light has been taken away, because the workings of the sensitive conscience suggest that the errors of the day invite the retributive bears to an abode beneath the nursery crib. The recollection of having called its mother "an old thing" under its breath at high noon, will cause the poor little sinner to tumble out of bed in the dark, and run wildly in search of the old thing, feeling in imagination the bear's teeth in its fat little leg as it runs. Or if it is of an inquiring turn of mind, it will ask, "How did the bears know that the children were naughty?" a question hard to reply to, unless one adopts a short method, as a goaded mother once did in despair, and answer, "Oh! bears know everything."

The story of Ananias and Sapphira, told to illustrate God's hatred of the sin of deceit, is salutary, but it is too often read in a threatening tone. "See what you'll get," is what the child understands the mother to mean; and, calling to mind several acquaintances who have all been known to err more or less from the strict path of truth, yet who still enjoy excellent health, it naturally concludes that "such things don't happen nowadays." Oh! let little children be taught the love of Christ, and forbid them not to come unto Him by terrifying their souls with stories of God's judgments on the wicked. Children are not wicked; these stories are not meant for them. The time comes all too soon when their nature, asserting itself, requires to be held in by these bits and bridles. But a little child! What has it to do with God's anger? It is a great pity to make a little child declare that it loves God better than papa or mamma. Perhaps not many go as far as this, but children are often told that this is required of them. When long years shall have shown them that their idols are of clay, they will learn to love God best; but this is the lesson of a lifetime; a child cannot feel it, and it is a hard requirement, too hard for them who have not seen the end of what is called perfection here below!

It is a mistake of the same nature to insist upon it that Sunday is the pleasantest day of the week. It is hard for a child in church to listen to the hymn—

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,"

while its whole frame is twitching with impatience to have the long service concluded, and it is possessed with a great desire to kick over the kneeling-bench, as a protest against hypocrisy; for, not understanding the length and breadth of human nature, it can only judge of others by itself, and cannot comprehend that frame of mind in which Sunday really becomes a delightful day. Would any mother sincerely wish her child to subscribe to the concluding lines of this same hymn—

"Fain would I leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God?"

No! such thoughts and wishes are for those who are wearied and burdened, who have suffered and sorrowed, not for the little ones whose joyous voices ring clearly in laughter, as their feet go bounding along the sunny pathway of their lives. Yet many a mother will give this beautiful but highly inappropriate hymn to her child to learn, as a Sunday-afternoon exercise.

But far greater than this is the mistake of repeating a child's little sayings in its presence, especially if these be of a religious character. Such sayings the mother should keep in her heart, but never make them public. A child, hearing its mother repeat them, is at first surprised, then mortified, but finally proud and pleased that it has said anything worthy of repetition. All unconsciously, the mother who does this is an enemy sowing tares, and cant and hypocrisy will be the plentiful harvest. Perhaps none more effectually choke the good seed.

A mother makes a mistake if she tries to make her child believe she is perfect. The clear eyes see through all flimsy pretences, and though little ones are apt to think that "the king can do no wrong," they acknowledge privately that "*sometimes mamma is a little bit cross.*"

These little critics easily distinguish sentiment from sentimentality. Two opposite errors are equally bad. To heat a child red hot, and hammer it into shape, or to coax it into submission. Both methods form character quickly; the first hardens into a very human pattern, the last melts a kindly nature into an indistinguishable, shapeless mass of selfishness. The mother who tries it had far better tame a panther and keep it for a pet.

Children are wholly devoid of tact, which is an acquired, not a natural characteristic. It is

the development of a gentle nature thrown in contact with a rougher world; it is the union of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove; it is rarely seen in children. Yet it is expected of them, and this is a mistake. Blunt speeches, contradictions, recriminations, arise from a deficiency in this respect, much more than from any bad feeling. A child is often punished for a downright honest speech, which looks like, but is not, impertinence.

Mothers almost invariably expect their children to agree together, as Dr. Watts declares that birds do in their little nests. But surely that good man was more to be depended upon for his theological than his ornithological information. A half hour's inspection of an apple-tree on a sunny summer's morning would send many mothers home to their nurseries with enlarged views on this subject. Children do agree just about as well as birds in their little nests, but they love each other heartily while they are squabbling briskly. If they are not interfered with, they will settle their little matters amicably and with tolerable justice. Children are good by fits and starts, apt to be righteous overmuch, tender-hearted, but not forgiving one another very easily—rarely malicious, however, full of generous impulses, and transparent as crystal to sensible loving eyes; provoking, careless, affectionate, sensitive to praise or blame, opening like flowers beneath the sunshine of love, but withered by the frost of sarcasm. A mother who ridicules her child, alienates it; one who underrates, crushes its ambition; one who flatters, loses its respect. Ah! many are the sins of ignorance, and from all such, good Lord deliver us.

Can any mother feel that she has done her whole duty? Not if she is a conscientious woman. But her mistakes need not discourage her. Recognizing in herself a poor, weak child, let her ever seek wisdom where it may be found. It is a hard thing for a mother to know when to see, and when to be blind; when to hear, and when to be deaf; when to speak, and when to be dumb. But knowledge comes with years, and God, who gave the children to the mother, gave loving hearts to both. If she only grasps her staff of faith firmly, her children can cling to her; if she gains wisdom from above, her children, can see its bright beams in her loving eyes; and knowing all the rocks and pitfalls of her journey, she can gently lead her little ones by many. So, looking back along the road on which she has brought them, they shall not say of her that she did well or ill, but that she did her best.

DEACON JOHN FLINT.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I READ in the "*Chronicle*" this morning the simple, quiet announcement:

"Died at his residence in Ontario, Ohio, Deacon John Flint, in the seventy-second year of his age." Just a little line it was, but I caught my breath suddenly, and a mist of tears dimmed my eyes for a moment.

I turned to Lily and said—"Good old Deacon Flint is dead."

She looked up from her lessons, gave her curls a toss, and said—"Why, I never heard of him! Was he a great man?"

The ways of the world had touched the child already—alas! that such things will be, in spite of all our best teachings!

"I think he will be called a great man in the kingdom of Heaven, to which he has gone; but here, among us, he was a very plain, unobtrusive man—so common in appearance that one would not have turned to look at him the second time!"

"Oh!" she said carelessly, and bent her head over her books, and the click, click of her slate-pencil showed that my announcement had not even stirred a ripple in her thoughts.

Was he great? I will tell you.

There was a ministerial meeting and communion-service one raw November Sabbath, at Greentown Church, away out in the country. The family all rode over in the spring wagon, while I stayed at home to have a hot dinner ready when they should return.

Services lasted longer than usual, and I was annoyed in trying to keep the roast chicken and mashed potatoes good and warm. The fire burnt down low, and I looked at the clock often, and was very glad when I heard the rattling of the wheels coming down the hill road, and saw the horses tossing their shiny manes, and champing their bits.

We had just sat down to dinner with sharpened appetites, when a big, tossy carriage stopped at the gate, and three elderly men got out of it. Two of them were preachers, and the little, thin old man, with the quick, nervous ways, was Deacon Flint.

"What shall we do?" I said. "The fire is very low, and the dinner is all on the table, and we're tired and hungry, and don't want to see company, I'm sure;" and then I began

to fret real woman-fashion, and magnified, and made a good deal of trouble out of nothing.

"Oh! never mind," said grandpa, with his ready tact, "just put this same dinner about the stove again, and after they are gone we'll eat what's left. Poor fellows! let's make them welcome; maybe we'll never see them again." So grandpa got some of his good, dry Sunday wood, the very best, that was kept purposely to start quick fires when we were in a hurry.

I am ashamed to say it, but, indeed, that little wee wrinkle, that I don't like at all, did come right visibly between my eyebrows, and showed itself as plainly as a scar while I was flying about putting the chicken and dinner back again to the stove. Just then grandpa opened the door, and met the men, and shook hands with them. When he introduced me as his daughter, the head of the household, I couldn't look amiable, and wouldn't be deceitful; and I remember now that my greeting was not the most cordial, and the hand I extended had no more warmth and expression in it than would be in a frozen potato.

The ministers spoke kindly—looked in my face, and touched my hand deferentially. Good old Deacon Flint's prying eyes gazed inquiringly and sympathizingly into mine, and he said—"How do you do, child?" in a soft, cooing voice as his old, gnarled hands slid over mine in a tender, caressing way.

One of the preachers said—"We don't want to put you to any trouble, sister, but we have to ride twenty-five miles yet to-day, and would be glad for a bit of dinner, and some hot coffee."

I snapped out the reply, that if they would eat a half-cold dinner it could be ready in a few minutes, but I did wish they had happened along a little earlier. It was an unkind reply, and cost me dear—it was a thorn in my pillow when I went to bed that night, that kept me awake a long time.

I hurried and set the meal before them. They ate heartily, and grew talkative, and told stories, and laughed, and seemed very happy. They talked of pioneer life, for they were all men who had emigrated to Ohio when it was a wilderness, and if there is any subject that

will bring men all on a level, and fill them with love and good will to one another, it is that of relating the trials and hardships of the early settler's life.

I forgot all my dignity, and lost my chilliness, when one of the oldest ministers told how hard it was to refrain from swearing when he ploughed new ground, that was all interlaced by a network of tough roots. He was a professor of religion at the time, but he said it was almost impossible not to swear, when a lithe root would spring out of the ground unexpectedly before the plough, and strike him across the legs with full force. The good stories drew us all together, and the little gash of a wrinkle smoothed itself away from my forehead before I knew or thought of it.

After dinner came a basket of golden pippins; and the hand of the clock pointed to the hour of four before the tossy carriage and the sleek farm horses stood again at the gate. When they were ready to start, they all said they were so glad they had called at our house, and that the little visit made them feel again the fire that had warmed their youthful blood when they were felling the big oaks, and burning the heaps of brush under the quiet stars of still nights.

They promised to come again, and make grandpa a long visit.

I stood in the doorway, leaning my cheek on my hand, and thinking there was nothing in the world much lower or more unworthy than an ill-natured, fault-finding, whining woman, when I saw Deacon Flint turn around at the gate, twist his fingers together, pull his hat down over his eyes, push it back, loosen his collar, and finally turn and come back to the house. He was embarrassed, and stammered out—"I couldn't go away, child, till I had told you all. You see I don't feel quite satisfied—not likely I'll ever see your face again, 'cause I'm an old man, and growing feeble, but I must ask you, do you love the Saviour? is He your friend—the one Friend above all others to whom you can go when your way is dark, and your heart is heavy?"

I laughed right out, a short, nervous, quick laugh, that came accompanied by tears of joy and gladness, as I assured him that I had found this One a Friend above all others. His, a friendship worth more than all the friendships of this poor life combined together.

"And now, child, there is one other thing I want to tell you, and don't you think unkindly of me," and his knotty hand held mine in a grasp that made me feel that the little old man

before me was honest, and very earnest, and truthful. "You were not pleased when we came to-day—there is too much of the spirit of Martha of old among the women nowadays. They make themselves unhappy, and impart the same feeling to those about them. We all felt miserable enough to go right on home without eating a morsel here, but it has all turned out pleasantly in the end. Grandpa, with his old-time hospitality, made us all feel welcome, while the toss of your head, and the limp touch of your hand, and the snarl of the words that you tried to hide, made us feel like creeping away into dark places like ugly bats. Don't you ever do it again, sis. Sweet, cheerful words, coming from a kind heart, are worth more than gold and gems—not a soul but needs them, and expects them, especially from those who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Keeping His beautiful character in view is one of the best antidotes against pride and selfishness. It is not the good dinners, and the variety of dishes that makes the visitor glad, it is the welcome, and the cheery cordiality that is extended toward him.

"I often tell my women folks when I see them flurried and troubled about a visitor coming suddenly, that it would be better to sit down to a dinner of dry bread and water, if the hearty welcome from the heart came with it. I wish you women would learn this, and not fret over such trifles, and become annoyed if everything is not in the most perfect order. Oh! a sensible woman, with a kind, true heart, is so lovable, and such a treasure!"

"I do beg your pardon, Father Flint, and thank you most heartily for your earnest words of advice," I said to the good old man, as we shook hands and parted, never to see each other's faces again in this life.

Then as the big carriage rolled down the road, and was lost to sight beyond the dell, with a stronger heart than I had borne for many a long day, I went into the kitchen, washed the dishes, reset the table, and prepared our own meal out of the remains left of the good men's dinner.

I was strong in the new resolves I had taken—nothing perplexed me then—everything was right. I was so thoroughly ashamed of myself, that I resolved to cut the acquaintance of the woman I had been. The old deacon's words, while they hurt my self-love, filled me, and lifted me with a feeling akin to grandeur.

I made some tea, put the remnant of the chicken over the fire with some pieces of bis-

cuit that were left, poured a pint of sweet cream on it, put in a lump of butter, a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper, let it come to the boil, and poured it out in a tureen over the half-warm potatoes that remained; set a nice mince pie in the oven, and then said—"Come, lads and lassies, let us dine now."

"Oh! aint you glad we had such good men to eat our dinner first?" said the baby, her chubby face almost as broad as it was long through very jollity, as she climbed up into her table-chair.

"May the Lord go with them," said grandpa. "I am sure I never saw three finer old men. Oh! their talk just did me real good."

"Poor fellows, it's too bad," said Trot, "that, after all, our dinner is so much better than theirs was."

At this we all laughed heartily, as we picked the bones and ate the fragments, for Trot was so loving and so unselfish that she was always afraid for fear the best of everything would fall to her share. I reached over and pinched her hard, fat cheeks, and pushed the stubby, curly hair back from her brown forehead, while I felt a strange little desire to cry wrinking my face and dimming my eyes. Nothing touches my better nature like the unselfish love of a roguish little child.

"I am glad 'cause they made us all glad; aint you, Rosy?" said she, looking me sharply in the face.

There was nothing left for me to do, driven as I was to the wall, only to apologize to the whole family, which I did, adding—"I am really ashamed of myself, and I mean to profit by the lesson taught me by that good old darling, Deacon John Flint."

THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

BY C.

PISA, which is a walled city of Tuscany, in Italy, is celebrated for its famous leaning tower. The height of this remarkable tower is about one hundred and eighty-seven feet, and its diameter fifty feet. It is inclined from the perpendicular so much, that the upper story overhangs the base fourteen feet. It is ascended by three hundred and fifty-five steps, and contains seven bells. It stands alone, unconnected with any building, and was probably intended as an ornamental belfrey. It is built of white marble and granite, and has eight stories, formed of arches supported by two hundred and seven columns, and divided by cornices.

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Its form and proportions are graceful, and its whole appearance is remarkably beautiful. When approaching the city, which is situated on an extensive plain, at the distance of a few miles, the effect, when the tower is seen over the tops of the trees, between two others which are perpendicular, is so striking, that the spectator feels almost inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses. It was erected about 1174, by Wilhelmus, a German architect, assisted by two Pisans. From the inclination of the stairs, it seems to a person going up or down hastily to roll like a ship. This beautiful structure, notwithstanding its inclination, seems to have withstood the ravages of time with more than usual success, as it has now stood for more than six hundred years without any fissure or the slightest perceptible sign of decay. Travellers, antiquaries, and the learned in general, have been perplexed and divided in opinion with respect to the cause of this deviation from a perpendicular line. Some have thought it the result of design; others have believed it to be accidental. Dr. Arnott, in his popular work "On the Elements of Physics," says it was built intentionally inclined to frighten or surprise; but he was probably mistaken.

Among the paintings in the Campo Santo, which are supposed to have been executed about the year 1300, more than one hundred years after the tower was erected, is a large painting of the now leaning tower, where it is standing perfectly upright. It may, therefore, now be considered as certain that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as in many other instances in Italy. This opinion is confirmed by the circumstance of the lowest row of pillars being sunk deep in the earth, the mouldings not running parallel with the horizon, and the inclination of the stairs.

Pisa is the capital of a province of its own name, situated in a marshy but fertile plain, on the river Arno, seven miles from its mouth. It is no wonder that in so many hundred years such an immense structure as this tower should settle as it is now seen, especially as its foundation is on marshy land. Very accurate models of this leaning tower are frequently beautifully made in alabaster and marble. Pisa has many very elegant edifices built of marble. Its cathedral is one of the noblest ecclesiastical structures in Italy; and a marble bridge, which crosses the Arno, is one of the finest in Europe. Pisa was the birthplace of Galileo, of which the present inhabitants often boast.

DELAFIELD, WIF

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VII.

M^R. and Mrs. Stephen Weymouth sat together one evening in their drawing-room. Everything about them was handsome, elegant, solid. The large, spacious stone house had the air, inside and out, of a broad, substantial property. There was nothing to find fault with anywhere. Everything was in good taste and in good order, from the carved cornices overhead to the crimson figures of the velvet carpet underneath.

What money could do it had done here. There was nothing simply pretentious or superficial. Stephen Weymouth liked gold and rosewood, not gilt and veneering.

There he sat among his papers, with his broad, solid figure, and his Roman head, and his large, shrewd, well-moulded face. He was a good-looking man, and he knew it. In fact, he had a very comfortable estimate of his own merits in general, but good sense enough to keep this opinion moderately in the background. He was a practical, sagacious man to the core of him. He had made his own fortune by his own wits, and now, on the broad and sunny slope beyond his prime, the man was taking his ease among the goodly harvest-fields of his wealth, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," holding true of things material as well as of things spiritual.

Mrs. Weymouth sits opposite her husband, busy in embroidering a crimson stripe of Afghan. She was a handsome maiden years ago. She is a handsome matron now. Sydney came honestly by his good looks from both father and mother.

The clusters of grayish curls, the handsome lace coiffure, set off the lady's regular face and features to advantage; and there is a glitter of gems among the glow of her wools as her fingers move swiftly over their work. No wonder her son was proud when he took out this handsome, young-looking mother of his, leaning on his arm. He had so much to be proud of, this Sydney Weymouth! As to the woman herself, behind the handsome looks and the fine laces, as to the heart and soul of her, which are the main things after all, I hardly know what to say. I only know I never saw

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Mrs. Stephen Weymouth without thinking of the wife of

"Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that all mighty man," always with a little twinge of conscience afterward, for the woman was something more, after all, than that

"Faded beauty of the Baths,
Inspid as the queen upon a card."

She was good-natured, and I rather think she was kindly hearted. She believed in her husband and her boy, and in a Providence that would always have in especial care, and shine with His kindest beams upon the house of Stephen Weymouth & Son.

As for the world outside, I honestly wonder whether she ever felt a pang of pity for it, a thrill of hearty interest in it. I used to wonder, too, what kind of soil the ploughshare would turn up, if it struck down beyond the fair, smooth levels of her commonplaces—whether all those swarming human souls in her husband's factories were of any more interest to this woman than just that number of animals would have been; whether it ever struck her with solemn force that they had human hearts and souls as well as herself, and Stephen, and Sydney? Yet no doubt, if poverty or suffering had come in her way, she would have slipped back the rings of her purse graciously enough; the servants, too, had orders never to refuse a worthy beggar at the kitchen door. Thus much, at least, the recording angel has put down to the benefit of Mrs. Stephen Weymouth.

"Where is Sydney to-night?" said the gentleman, laying down his paper, stretching his limbs, and closing the register in front of him, for the room was growing warm, and he was of rather a plethoric habit.

"I strongly suspect that he's ridden out again to Squire Thayne's."

The lady did not lift her eyes, but that fact, perhaps, did not lessen a certain significance in her tones.

"To Squire Thayne's?" repeated Mr. Weymouth. After a moment's reflection, he turned suddenly to his wife. "Does a wind set in that quarter, Mary?"

"It has struck me there does of late, Stephen," answered his wife, still intent upon her

wools, the bright, soft work seeming precisely suited to her.

Mr. Weymouth reflected, this time longer than the first, his fingers working slowly with his gray beard. "Well, Mary, it's wholly news to me, but you women are wider awake on these matters than we men."

"Yes, we are, Stephen," a little flattered. "I have been on the watch of late, and I have put a good many things together, which have satisfied me that the wind blows from that quarter. Sydney goes over to Squire Thayne's whenever there is an opportunity, and he is not long at a loss for finding one."

"Possible! possible!" said Mr. Weymouth, in a slow, amazed kind of tone, and then he was silent—from no lack of interest in his subject, certainly.

"Well, Stephen, what do you think of it?" asked Mrs. Weymouth at last, pausing in her work.

Mr. Weymouth did not seem to know precisely what to say. He drew his hand rather irresolutely across his face—it was not a frequent motion with him. The image of Jacqueline Thayne rose before him—the fair, delicate, intellectual face, the swift, quiet, brown figure which he met so often on the country roads when he was riding out.

He had always liked the girl, fancied the sparkle of her talk, with the little, sharp edges to it, to use his own words; but he had always associated some oddness and individuality with all this. Jacqueline Thayne was not just like other women, he fancied; and when it came to looking on her as the future wife of his son, he was a good deal startled.

"I had never thought of the boy's taking a wife at Hedgerows," said the gentleman, rather parrying his wife's question.

"Neither did I. Jacqueline Thayne is not, I must admit, the kind of young woman I should have supposed would strike Sydney's fancy."

"Perhaps she hasn't, after all, Mary. You know they were old playfellows, and the boy may go out there as much to see the squire as his niece."

Mrs. Weymouth shook her head. "When it comes to these things, a mother is not easily deceived."

"It's a good family," continued Mr. Weymouth after a pause, "but there's an odd streak in the Thayne blood."

"There you've hit it precisely," said Mrs. Weymouth, with so emphatic a gesture that a heap of her wools fell from her lap to the floor. "The girl's got it in herself, too."

"Of course. She came honestly enough by it. Squire Thayne's a capital fellow, a scholar and a gentleman to the core, but there's some oddness at bottom of him," answered the gentleman.

His wife moved uneasily, and there was a shadow on the face under the gray curls and the handsome coiffure. She had an instinct of antipathy to independence and peculiarities. She had always fancied that Sydney would choose a wife after the pattern of his mother, a handsome, stylish woman, who would do with becoming grace and dignity the honors of the elegant home in which it would be her good fortune to be placed.

As for this Jacqueline Thayne, nobody could question her being a lady, certainly; but she had such odd notions, habits, ideas, not at all in the line of Mrs. Weymouth's.

The elder lady had never understood the younger one, and if the honest truth must be told, was a little afraid of her, although a pleasant, half-neighborly acquaintance had subsisted between them, Mr. Weymouth and the squire being the best of friends, as the world goes, and the two most prominent men at Hedgerows.

"There's one thing," said Mr. Weymouth, with that eye to the main chance which had so far distinguished him through life, "the girl will have a snug little fortune of her own one of these days, for, of course, whatever Squire Thayne possesses will eventually fall to his niece."

"I suppose so; but money isn't everything, Mr. Weymouth," said his wife, and I believe it was the first time she had expressed a sentiment of that kind.

"Of course not, Mary; but it is a very comfortable thing, as we are all aware. In fact, I never knew it come amiss," said Mr. Weymouth, with an involuntary glance about his elegant drawing-room, and a very agreeable sense of proprietorship. "Squire Thayne is too fond of his books and has too many crotchets to put himself heart and soul into business, and he has some curious ideas about property which, in my opinion, wouldn't answer for most of us to carry into the brunt of business."

"I have always considered it very unfortunate for Jacqueline that she should have been brought up wholly under her uncle's influence. She has imbibed his notions and ideas too fully ever to make just the right sort of a wife for any man," continued Mrs. Weymouth.

"Perhaps so," answered her husband a little reluctantly; for, with all his hard, practical

shrewdness, Stephen Weymouth had an under liking for Squire Thayne—honored him, I think, a little more than he did any other man in the world.

"Isn't there something we can do to nip this liking in the bud?" suggested Mrs. Weymouth with a good deal of nervous irritation in her voice. "I don't think matters have progressed very far yet. I only see where they are tending."

"It's rather dangerous to meddle with these things. I appreciate your feeling, Mary, but after all, the boy might go farther and fare worse. I should want to take the matter into serious consideration on all sides, before I took any active measures." I really do not suppose Mr. Weymouth was conscious that he was at all influenced in this matter by a feeling which he had had for years, that there was a magnificent water-power going to waste in the river that bordered Squire Thayne's property, and that broad lands behind might, within a decade, be cut up into splendid building sites.

Hedgerows was a growing town. Stephen Weymouth knew the value of every foot of land, present and prospective, within its limits. If, in connection with Jacqueline Thayne for his son's wife, visions of the water-power put to vast manufacturing services, and the lands beyond cut down into building lots which brought city prices, and all falling into Sydney's net—the best fish floating as by some natural law into the Weymouth seine—don't be too hard on the man. He was only following his own instincts, after all.

Mrs. Weymouth was too much of the Lady Aylmer type to maintain any very salient opposition to her son or husband. Yet the very mild disapproval which the latter manifested regarding his son's fancy caused the lady as much chagrin and annoyance as it was in her nature to feel.

"I really wish, Mr. Weymouth," she said, with unusual energy, "that you would bestir yourself in this matter while there is yet time. It seems to me very unlike your usual way of doing business, to fold your hands and let things take their own course because there's a chance Sydney may do worse."

"Well, my dear, you see meddling with one's courting affairs isn't so easy a matter as making a shrewd bargain."

Mrs. Weymouth usually laughed at her husband's jokes, however mildly they effervesced; but this time her face maintained an imperturbable gravity. Noticing it, he said, in a more sympathetic tone, "Well, now, Mary, what would you have me do?"

"I should like to have Sydney got off to New York for two or three weeks. Absence and change of scene might break the spell, and I'm sure you could invent some business to make the journey necessary at this juncture."

"Ah! now I'm on my own ground. Mary, I could easily accomplish that."

"Well, then, do it, Mr. Weymouth, without delay," said his wife, with a dramatic fervor that was almost startling in one of her usually placid deportment as she folded up her wools.

On the very evening, while this talk was transpiring between Mr. and Mrs. Weymouth, the two principal subjects of it sat together in the library at Squire Thayne's. The owner himself happened to be absent.

They had had a very pleasant evening. Sydney Weymouth and Jacqueline Thayne were always certain of that when they were together. The more the man saw of her, the more he enjoyed the wit, the brightness, the power and sweetness of the woman.

He made up his mind that all her little oddnesses only gave her a certain pungent flavor, which, by contrast, made the ordinary woman insipid.

He had tried that type pretty thoroughly; indeed, he had outgrown the first illusions, the sting of delight and excitement there is in an ordinary flirtation; or if this is saying too much, a good deal of practice had made the whole game an old story to Sydney Weymouth. But he never attempted anything of that sort with Jacqueline Thayne. Some instinct warned him off that ground.

This much, at least, may be said to his credit: Sydney Weymouth had the power to perceive there was in Jacqueline Thayne something finer and loftier than in most of her sex. Whatever circle the thought of the two swept, it was certain to come back at last to their childhood, and the old, happy days at Hedgerows.

Young Weymouth had not been slow in detecting the magic which these associations exercised over the heart and memory of Jacqueline, and he had been biding his time, resolved on making a little adroit stroke of his own.

Sydney Weymouth was deep in some story of an afternoon when they had wandered off into the woods together and got lost. Jacqueline had forgotten the whole affair until he brought it back to her, with so many picturesque colors and touches, that she was quite bewildered between the plain outline of facts, and the glow of fiction which overlaid them.

Either her memory was shamefully at fault,

or her companion had drawn very strongly on his fancy.

All this, with a laugh, she told Sydney Weymouth, but he saw she was interested and amused, and thought that his time had come now.

He drew from his pocket a small box, a bit of fanciful Swiss carving, and handed it to Jacqueline. "Will you do me the favor to look inside?" he said. "It is possible you may find something there that will interest you."

Jacqueline opened the box. Inside lay a little, netted, crimson purse, with silver rings. She took it up carefully and shook it out in the light, the silken meshes and the silver beads flashing before her eyes.

"O Sydney!" she exclaimed, and her whole face was moved.

"You remember it, then, Jacqueline?"

"Perfectly. But to think you have kept my poor little gift all this time!" and she regarded the little, bright, silken thing with touched, tender eyes, thinking of the summer days long ago when she sat by the roses at the south window, and her thoughts were sweet and happy.

"As linnets singing in the pauses of the wind," while she netted the purse for Sydney, who was going away to prepare for college.

"Did you think I should ever lose that, Jacqueline?" for they had long before this come back to the old names. "I see the little girl standing at the front gate, with the flush in her cheeks, and the wind blowing the hair about her eyes, and just how she said, 'Here, Sydney; I did every stitch of it with my own fingers, and you must think of me every time you use it.' There was no need to say that. I have not taken out the purse in all these years without the picture of my little friend with the glow in her cheeks and the wind blowing the hair about her face rising up before me, and without thanking her over again, not only for the gift, but for the picture embalmed in my memory."

That was very pretty talk, no doubt. If it was true, it was something a great deal better than that. Yet, if Jacqueline could have known at that precise moment that Sydney Weymouth had come accidentally upon the identical purse the day before, stuffed down, where it had lain for years, at the bottom of an old trunk full of wrecks and debris of toys and old treasures of his boyhood, there would have come a sudden revulsion in her feelings, all the greater because she believed and knew Sydney Weymouth wished her to believe that he had been

carrying her little, childish souvenir all over Europe with him.

What now if away down in his heart he were secretly felicitating himself over his fine stroke, much as an ambassador would over some successful manoeuvre in political diplomacy?

Sydney's words had brought back the whole scene to Jacqueline. She stroked the little silk talisman in her hand, and the smile on her lips and the tears in her eyes were at strife as she said, looking up at him—"O Sydney! that was so long ago. I shall never be the little girl standing in the gate again—the happy little girl, with the winds in my hair, that I was when I gave you this."

Sydney Weymouth was emboldened by his success. He was tempted to lean forward and kiss the fair forehead upturned to his. I cannot tell whether his courage would have failed him at the final moment; but at that instant Squire Thayne walked in, brisk and genial as ever; and Sydney Weymouth took the purse out of Jacqueline's fingers and put it away in the box again, as though it were something very precious. If the thing had only possessed a tongue, and told to what new honor it had been suddenly raised from the ignoble corner where it had been stowed for the last twelve years!

"What a good fellow Sydney Weymouth is!" said Jacqueline, speaking suddenly out of a long silence, during which her uncle had been steadily regarding her.

Their guest had been gone for some time, although he had remained more than an hour after Squire Thayne's entrance, the two men having had their own talk together.

"What has impressed you with that fact so strongly at this particular moment?" asked her uncle, smiling a little at her fervor.

Jacqueline related the little incident about the purse. Her uncle did not say much in turn, but it might be that he was having a good many thoughts in that deep head of his. He knew men better than his niece did, and he had not precisely made up his mind about this Sydney Weymouth. But he kept his doubts, if he had any, to himself.

Meanwhile, Sydney Weymouth, going home in the gray, starless night, the winds panting through the air with a chill in them that reminded one of snow, was saying to himself—"If her uncle had not come in at that unlucky moment, I would certainly have kissed her. None of your 'faint hearts' when it comes to winning a fair ladie."

CHAPTER VIII.

Philip Draper was heartily glad to see young Weymouth when he dropped into the office that morning. The two had not met for more than a week; and as they had been together almost daily when the former first arrived at Hedges-rows, one might have suspected their ancient good feeling had undergone some change.

Young Draper would have strongly repudiated this. So, probably, would Weymouth, and attributed their not seeing each other entirely to accident.

The superintendent had at least done his part, for he had gone over twice to his friend's residence, and happened to find him out on both occasions.

The greetings of the two were as cordial as ever. Each fancying the other might feel a little aggrieved, was prolific of apologies. Young Weymouth declared, which was the simple fact, that he had not been in the best of humors for the last two days, his father having projected a trip to New York for him, to which, at this juncture, he was strongly disinclined.

"I tried to slip the burden off on your shoulders, Draper, but the governor insists you are quite too important a personage here to be spared for a day; so you see what comes of making your services of so much consequence."

Draper laughed a little, yet rather with the air of a man too simply conscious of the value of his services to be greatly tickled at any compliment regarding them, and added—"I should hardly suppose that a journey to New York would be a very disagreeable prospect, at this season especially."

His companion was naturally not inclined to confide the thing which lay at the bottom of his reluctance to going away at this juncture. He found the prosecution of some plans on which he had set his heart altogether too stimulating and agreeable to wish anything to interfere with them at this time, so the young man made answer to his companion—"Hedges-rows is a drowsy place enough, but it's home, and when a fellow's been tumbling about for as many years as I have, he likes to settle down snugly in a corner without an inclination to stir, and that's precisely my case; but the governor says this business must be attended to, and there's nobody but your humble servant to do it."

You perceive by this that the elder Weymouth had acted adroitly on his wife's suggestion. His son and heir had not the faintest suspicion of the fact which lay at the bottom

of his father's aggravating pertinacity about this particular business.

While the two young men were talking, a buggy drove up to the office, and Sydney's father alighted, and Squire Thayne, who had picked up the gentleman on his way to the mills, sat inside, and lifted his hat to the two young men.

What surprised young Weymouth was, the squire's calling out, quite with the air of an old friend, to the superintendent—"You've shown yourself in no great haste to give us the pleasure of a second visit, my dear sir."

"Thank you, Squire Thayne. If I have not inflicted myself on you, it was only out of consideration for yourself."

I do not know what the reply was, but as the squire's buggy drove off, the younger Weymouth turned to the superintendent, saying, in a light tone, which masked some composite feeling—"What, Draper! on such a friendly footing as that already?"

"The squire dropped in, one day, and we had a little chat together. The next time I met him he insisted on taking me up, and driving out home. That is the extent of our acquaintance," explained the superintendent.

But the brevity of the acquaintance only gave additional emphasis to the cordiality of the squire's manner.

The language which he had used on the only occasion when he ever spoke of Philip Draper recurred to young Weymouth, and with it came back that old feeling of hostility only stronger than ever.

It was singular how the young man, from the beginning, seemed to have some strong instinct of rivalry in connection with the superintendent, when there was not the faintest apparent cause for this, and what a secret feeling of antipathy it awoke in him toward Philip Draper, as that of somebody who might stand in his way.

It was doubly singular in this instance, because Sydney Weymouth was not a jealous man naturally. He had quite too high an opinion of his own merits to trouble himself about rivals; and in the present instance, he certainly possessed every conceivable advantage over Philip Draper. Jacqueline's nature was a loyal one, as you have seen, and I do not hesitate to say for her, that if, at this time, she had married any man in the world, it would have been Sydney Weymouth, for the very good reason that she liked him better than any other.

How in the world, then, this prescience of a rival in his father's superintendent, which seemed simply absurd, should take more or

less possession of young Weymouth, I cannot explain. I only state the fact, and that, as he walked away from the office where he had left his father and the superintendent deep in some business matters, Sydney Weymouth felt less and less inclined to leave Hedgerows at this precise juncture.

No doubt Draper would be out there again in a few days to see Jacqueline. Nobody knew how often he might go on the strength of this unaccountable fancy which the squire had taken to him.

Draper was an intelligent fellow—in every respect far in advance of anybody at Hedgerows. So much Sydney Weymouth was compelled to admit to himself. What if he could bag the game, and have it thoroughly secure before going off? It was rather hurrying matters to a conclusion, but courage and valor, whether the prize was a woman's heart or the walls of a beleaguered city, usually carried the day.

Then Sydney Weymouth had that comfortable faith in himself which made him believe his suit pretty certain to prosper wherever he carried it. After a long process of reflection, he made up his mind to go over and propose to Jacqueline Thayne that very afternoon.

That young lady, little suspecting the real purpose of her friend's visit, was in no wise surprised to see him that afternoon. Her face brightened, as it always did on meeting him; and Sydney came out oftener to the Thaynes than even his mother, ever on the watch, suspected; and he had really brought some new color and interest into Jacqueline's life at this time.

She was not at all surprised, either, when Sydney invited her to take a little drive that afternoon. He had done that several times since his return home, and the people of Hedgerows had had their gossip over it all, of which Jacqueline was blissfully unconscious.

It was a pleasant afternoon for a drive, a tender softness in the brown air, and something pathetic in the pale, clinging sunshine, which made one feel that the year, worn and heart-broken, had gathered all its faint energies into one last clinging smile and caress over the poor, despoiled earth, waiting for some kindly snows to come and cover its shame and nakedness.

It took Jacqueline all by surprise. They had been riding for about an hour down the broad, winding river-road, which had a solemn beauty of its own at this season, with the wide, dun-colored sheet of water below the shelving

banks on one side and the upland swell of the bare forest on the other—here and there tufts of crisp, faded leaves clinging forlornly to the trees.

They had been going at a rapid rate, talking in a sparkling vein most of the time. Jacqueline was never so uniformly merry with anybody as she was with Sydney Weymouth. He brought out, just as he had in childhood, the fresh, sunny side of her.

Suddenly there came a little pause in the talk. Jacqueline fancied he wanted to breathe those splendid bays a little. Sydney Weymouth did not make gradual approaches to a climax, as he would have done with any other woman. He fancied, and he was not far wrong in this, that the truest way with Jacqueline Thayne would be the frankest and shortest—a few words, having a sound of immortal truth in them.

"Jacqueline," turning upon her suddenly, and pulling up his horses into a slow walk, "I have something to say to you. I should be glad to do it with sweet and eloquent speech, such as becomes the subject, but it is altogether too real and vital a matter to tell you in any words but the fewest and plainest."

"I shall like best to hear them in that way, Sydney," said Jacqueline.

He looked in her face. He saw then she had no faintest idea of what was coming.

You will wonder at this. Perhaps Jacqueline did herself some day. She was a sensible woman, and had the swift intuitions of her sex regarding such matters. In any other case she would have had some prescience of the state of things; but Sydney Weymouth, you must remember, was her old friend and playfellow. He lingered among the still enchanted gardens of her memory. She had loved the boy without thinking when they played together; but then nor now had she thought of him as her lover.

So she waited. I think Sydney Weymouth would have been glad to see her fluttered a little. I think it was, after all, rather a trying moment to himself when it came to getting the words out, which he had prefaced so adroitly, but they came in a moment.

"Jacqueline Thayne, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

How she quivered in every nerve of her! How her face faltered and shook out of all its bright calm! Yet her answer was altogether characteristic.

"Why, Sydney! Why, Sydney!" she said.

He strained his ears to find what was in the

tones; but he could make out neither pain nor joy there, only a blank amazement.

Then he took her hand. She did not draw it back, neither did the delicate, white thing nestle softly in his palm. It only lay still there. Could he take hope from all these signs? He could not tell; neither could Jacqueline.

"Didn't you know all that before?" he said, and his voice was like a lover's.

"No, Sydney, no," hers was breathless and strained still with amazement; but after that first start and quiver she sat very still.

"I thought my manner might have told you all this, long before my words did." Sydney Weymouth did not stop here to consider whether he was telling the truth or not. "Are you glad, Jacqueline?"

"I cannot tell, Sydney. It has all come upon me so suddenly," and she put up her hand to her face, shaken with pallor and blushes, in just that sort of perplexed way which he remembered as a habit of her childhood.

Then Sydney Weymouth said some other words—no need to repeat them here—they were well spoken—they had a ring of feeling and tenderness in them, which they could not have had if the speaker had not believed he was telling the truth.

He waited a little while, thereafter, and Jacqueline spoke, still with wavering face and voice. "You must give me a little while before I can answer, Sydney."

"Oh! yes; only I cannot wait patiently, Jacqueline. Let the time be short."

"Give me until to-morrow," she said, as though she craved a favor. He could not deny her that, although I think it would have pleased him better to do so.

They were bowling rapidly home now, across the smooth, hard levels of the winter road. "All the beauty of the afternoon was going down in one wide, dull blur of clouds. Winds with damp, clammy chills began to take possession of the air, and fill it with moan and mutter.

I am not sure that either the man or woman were conscious of the change. One thing struck Sydney Weymouth at this time, which he never forgot afterward, and that was the total absence of any instinct of coquetry in this woman. If she had been any other in the world, he would certainly have thought she was only delaying now to enhance his ardor and the sweetness of her consent.

But it was impossible to have any such thoughts of Jacqueline Thayne. When they

reached home she looked up in his face and smiled such a sweet, touched smile, that he leaned down and kissed her forehead.

"Little playfellow," he said, "it is not the first time," and those words made the kiss something no other man's could have been to her.

"Sydney," she said, speaking at the last, "whatever my answer is, you know it must be best for both of us."

"It can only seem best for me in one way, Jacqueline," he said, and he left her at the threshold, and drove off, on the whole satisfied with what he had done, and with what her reply would be to-morrow.

"Not at all like other women," he said to himself, "but by so much the better."

That evening Jacqueline did not come downstairs until summoned to tea. She found her uncle awaiting her in the library.

"Where have you been this afternoon," he asked.

"I went out to drive with Sydney Weymouth, uncle," she answered, and something in her tones struck him.

He watched her at supper. She was thoughtful and absent, sparkling up occasionally in some of her old talk, but letting the threads go loosely the next moment.

"Something is the matter with my bairnie," thought Squire Thayne.

When they returned to the library, she sat still for a full half hour without speaking one word. She thought it was only five minutes. Her uncle read, or pretended to, his papers.

Suddenly the man leaned forward and laid his hand on her lap.

"Little girl," he said, "has any man been asking you to marry him?"

She almost sprang from her seat with the start she gave. Her whole face flamed. She need not to have answered him, but she did in a moment, in a very characteristic way.

"Yes, Uncle Alger, there has."

"I thought so," he said. "I thought so," speaking mostly to himself. "Folks were right after all. These Thaynes were odd people."

"What made you think so, Uncle Alger?" asked Jacqueline, drawing closer to her uncle.

"I saw it in your face to-night."

"It took me by such utter surprise; almost as much as though you had come home yourself and told me you were to be married."

"I can hardly say it has taken me by surprise. I find now that I must have been rather expecting it," said the elderly man, quietly enough.

"Why, Uncle Alger," she answered, and she was so astonished she said no more.

"So Sydney Weymouth has been making love to my little bairnie?" said her uncle, after a long pause, in which he had been regarding the profile half turned from him toward the fire; and now he put his hand on her soft, shining hair. "Well, does she love him?"

"That is what I don't know, Uncle Alger. I wish you would help me," turning up to him her wistful, perplexed face. Sydney Weymouth had thought truly—there was no instinct of coquetry in this woman.

"It seems to me there ought to be no doubt on this subject," said the man, thinking how Evangeline had once answered him.

Jacqueline drew a long breath, and turned her face to the fire. The clock chirruped away on the mantle, and the broad flame laughed up the chimney. "I like Sydney Weymouth," she said at last, speaking half to herself. "He is more agreeable to me than any man in the world excepting yourself, Uncle Alger. He always interests or amuses me. Whenever he comes, I am glad to see him; when he goes away, I am sorry. We have, I think, a wide range of tastes and sympathies in common. He is a good fellow, a noble fellow. How fond I was of him in my childhood! I would sacrifice almost anything to give him pleasure. It seems to me I should never grow weary of him. His presence is always a fresh stimulant and delight to me."

Jacqueline's uncle had been listening to every word, weighing each one carefully. Think how he loved that girl, and what a life-and-death matter it was to him. Not that Squire Thayne would have thought of himself for a moment when it came to Jacqueline's happiness; but he would sooner have laid his little girl out among the waiting snows, between her father and mother, than given her to wife to a man unworthy of her.

That Sydney Weymouth was this, Squire Thayne had not, perhaps, consciously admitted to himself. He was not a man given to hasty conclusions, and he did not like to think or speak evil of others; but from the beginning he had maintained a singular scrutiny of Sydney Weymouth, having, perhaps, a vague prescience of what was coming. A variety of small circumstances, "light as air," which would have escaped any other person, and which Squire Thayne could not have repeated, had gone far, however, to giving the man an impression that under Sydney Weymouth's fair and stately outside were some arrogance, and hardness, and

selfishness which only wanted time to come to the surface.

But he was a just man—nay, he would deal more sternly with himself because of the live pang that struck to his heart, now there could be no question what was that most precious thing of which Sydney Weymouth was seeking to rob him.

He leaned forward and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder. "But all this you have said is not love, Jacqueline."

"That is what I doubted, Uncle Alger; that is why I asked Sydney to wait until to-morrow. Yet my feeling for him is something very different from an ordinary friendship."

Her uncle secretly suspected that the charm of those old, childish associations, had much to do with Jacqueline's feeling. But he resolved to test her thoroughly.

"Jacqueline"—taking no immediate notice of her last remark—"how would it seem to you to have Sydney Weymouth come to dwell always with you and me, he another with us—a part of our everyday life, thought, feeling? Think well, now, before you answer."

She was still a little while, and then, her answer came. "It would seem very odd at first. I suppose such things always do; but I cannot think of Sydney Weymouth's ever being otherwise than welcome and agreeable even here with you and me, Uncle Alger."

He tried her once more. "Well, Jacqueline, if either must go away, this young Weymouth or myself, for half a dozen years, which could you spare easiest from Hedgerows?—which would give you the longest and sharpest heart-ache to part with?"

There was no hesitation now. She turned straight around upon him, and her face, in its steady radiance, said all that her words did. "O Uncle Alger! I could part with Sydney Weymouth a thousand times the easier, as I love you a thousand times the better. Happy at Hedgerows with him without you!" and she clung to her uncle.

"Jacqueline," he said simply, "you do not love this man."

"I—don't—believe—I—do," she said very slowly, the truth beginning to grow clearer to her.

Then she added in a very little while, very softly and sorrowfully, "But if I do not love Sydney best, and not as the woman who marries him, I do love him enough to be grieved to the heart at the thought of anything which would give him pain. He must have loved me, or he would not have said what he did to me to-day." The tears shook in her eyes.

Her uncle would not tell her, what he was provoked at himself for thinking, and could not help, after all, that Sydney Weymouth's heart would not suffer so much as his self-love at his niece's refusal, so he only said, "However hard it may be for him, it would be harder to do him that other wrong."

After he had said this, there was a silence of some minutes, and the thoughts of both were busy, and suddenly, in an overflow of gladness and exultation, Jacqueline's uncle put his arms about her. "O my bairnie! my bairnie!" he said.

She understood him. "Why, uncle, are you so glad as that?"

"Just so glad, dear. And yet, if you loved him, and he were a good man, I would not come between. I would stand aside and thank God with my whole heart."

The next day Sydney Weymouth came. It was the hardest, cruellest hour of Jacqueline's life. It was the bitterest of his, for he had set his heart on making Jacqueline Thayne his wife, and there was the sharpness of his wounded self-love. It was the first time that Sydney Weymouth had been denied what he coveted.

Yet it seemed that any man might easily forgive such a refusal as Jacqueline's.

"Is there any other man?" he said to her, almost fiercely.

"None, Sydney, none. I love you better than any man in the world, saving my uncle."

"Then, Jacqueline, he shall not stand between us. Come to me. I will not be jealous of him."

"No, Sydney, if you will not be just to yourself, I must. You are worthy whatever is best in the heart of a woman. I will not wrong my friend so deeply as to let his generosity take less than he deserves."

So at last he went away, taking a kindly leave, for he could not help being touched and impressed by her manner; but as he went home, some anger and bitterness grew toward her in his heart.

She had refused him—Sydney Weymouth.

She would remember it all her life, and so would he.

It may be that the loss enhanced the value of Jacqueline Thayne's love in the thought of Sydney Weymouth. He must have loved her, too, in his way, I think; and when he saw young Draper standing in his father's office door, there was a sudden glare of hatred in the young man's eyes. Yet Jacqueline's words

came back to him, and he knew that girl had spoken the truth. The superintendent could not be his rival.

Yet for all that, the old feeling remained in sufficient force to make him avoid the other; and so, going home by a circuitous route, the favorite of fortune, the heir of the richest man in Hedgerows, felt himself more mortified, chagrined, and miserable than he had ever been in his life.

(To be continued.)

ART POVERTY IN AMERICA.

SAYS a writer in *Appleton's Journal*:

"Life is sweeter, even to the poor, under a civilization which is favorable to the growth and cultivation of the artistic perceptions. The poor man is happier, has more varied and elevated intercourse with Nature and his fellow-men, in Italy and in France, than in industrial England and America. Our poverty in art is poverty in the ameliorations of civilized life. We rightly employ science to enlarge our empire over the material world and mitigate pain; but in the meantime we do not administer sufficient consolation to man's spiritual life, now neglected, now outraged, nor do we labor to accumulate and co-ordinate the moral and æsthetic elements of the past and present. A great museum of art is the only adequate sign and institution of those neglected and exquisite forces, which play through the life of the people of the Old World. A museum of art would afford us adequate instruction in the vestiges of the ancient civilizations—a solemn and beautiful teaching—it would foster reverence, without which man is barbarian, and obnoxious to every fine and noble sense of the difference of things. We are a raw, and noisy, and obtrusive people; but place one generation of us under the influence of the past, let us see something grand and beautiful, not made by our hands, yet made by the hands of men, and perhaps we shall feel the sweet flower of humility break through our pride and diffuse its gracious influence over us. Humility, that flower of the religious life, and reverence, which is the growth of our appreciation of what is above and independent of us, are sentiments which have no place whatever in our life at present. An humble and reverent American should be the first object to be labelled and pedestalled in our new museum, but will probably be the last work of art we shall get."

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

FOURTH PAPER.

IN the present and following paper we shall endeavor to notice a few of the more remarkable or curious among those forms of insect larvæ which, as has already been stated, are popularly known as grubs and maggots.

The most obvious difference between the two is that grubs, like caterpillars, are provided with legs, though not with false or pro-legs, while maggots have no such means of locomotion.

It is amongst the larvæ of the sheath-winged insects, or beetles, that we find the most perfect types of the grub. When in small numbers, the larvæ of beetles may do no great injury, but when they appear in large numbers, as is frequently the case, the agriculturist has no more dreaded enemy. The grubs of the European cockchafer, which live in their larval condition from two to three years, often become a scourge to the farmer on account of the destruction they occasion by devouring the roots of grasses. But it is the orchardist and the tree-grower to whom the ravages of beetle-grubs are most formidable. Almost every kind of tree is liable to the assaults of one or more species. Eighty thousand grubs of one kind have been found in a single tree; and, some years ago, forty thousand trees were destroyed by them in the forest of Vincennes, near Paris. Many of these tree-grubs, when first hatched, are found between the bark and the wood. Starting thence, the little creature, in the earlier stages of its life scarcely larger than a pin's head, eats for itself a winding path into the solid timber. This path increases in size with the growth of the insect, till it attains in some instances a diameter of one or two inches.

By a reference to our engraving this month, the reader will obtain a clearer notion of what a true grub is than by any mere word description. It represents the transformations of the stag-beetle. The fat, helpless-looking creature on the right side of the picture is the grub. Above is the female of the perfect insect, one of the very few exceptions to the rule that the females of beetles are larger than the males. In the lower left-hand corner we see the pupa in its cell; and the animal above it, with seeming stag-like horns, so formidable in appearance, but not at all dangerous in reality, except

that it may pinch one smartly if carelessly handled, is the full-grown male.

The common stag-beetle attains to a length of two inches or more, including the mandibles, which, from their resemblance to a stag's horns, give the insect its popular name. Its color is a dark chestnut-brown. Though very strong, the stag-beetle is an inoffensive creature, rarely attacking other insects, and lives principally on the sap of trees, occasionally making a meal from the leaves. May, June, and July are the months in which they usually appear, flying only in the evening, and in the heat of the day frequenting the woods, where they may be found climbing the trunks of trees.

The stag-beetle is very fond of liquid sweets. Swammerdam had one which followed him like a dog when he offered it honey. Wood speaks of one which "became quite tame and playful, and sometimes amused himself by tossing about a ball of cotton with his horns."

The grub of this beetle is whitish, with a russety head, and lives in the interior of trees. It remains in the larval condition nearly four years. It is supposed to be the Coccus of the ancient Romans, on whose tables, especially those of the rich and titled, it figured as a great delicacy. In our own day, the grugru, the grub of a South American beetle, which lives in the soft and spongy centre of the cabbage-palm, is esteemed a great treat, when roasted, sprinkled with cayenne pepper, and eaten with bread-and-butter. Its fragrance, when thus served up, is said to be as tempting to European colonists as to native inhabitants. It is an unsightly creature, fat and oily, of a whitish cream color, and as long and as thick as a man's thumb.

It is chiefly among the beetles that grubs are the whitish, inactive, plump-looking creatures we so readily recognize. Even in the larvæ of the water-beetles, to say nothing of other aquatic insects, whose young, being neither caterpillars nor maggots, seem to be best described as grubs, these characteristic are not observable. As a type of the larvæ of the aquatic *Coleoptera*, we may notice those of the great water-beetle (*Hydrophilus Caraboides*), formidable-looking, active creatures, armed with powerful sickle-like jaws, with which

they attack almost every living thing in their reach, even small fish being destroyed by them. This carnivorous habit is characteristic of the whole family. They will seize sticks presented to them, and even suffer themselves to be cut to pieces, rather than loose their hold.

Another interesting aquatic larva, which may be included among grubs, is that of the caddis-fly. Living always in the water, it is remarkable for its fastening together, by means of silken threads spun from its own mouth, small stones, bits of sticks, or small shells, thus constructing a sort of case in which the soft parts of its body is protected, while the head and breast, which are harder in their nature, are alone protruded. These dwellings are not quitted until the insect's metamorphose into the perfect caddis fly. Entire beds of white, marly limestone, composed of minute shells, once used by these larvæ for their dwellings, are found in various parts of France. The whole plain of Limagne, occupying a surface of many hundred square miles, is said to be almost entirely covered with these beds, which average five or six feet in thickness.

The grub of another member of the same order as that to which the caddis-fly belongs, is noteworthy as having an existence prolonged for two or three years, while the perfect insect lives but a single day. We allude to the larva of the ephemera or May-fly, an active, voracious little creature, living in galleries in the beds of rivers, breathing like a fish, through gills, at the side of the abdomen, and preying on small insects. Like the short-lived fly it eventually becomes, it has a sort of tail consisting of two or three jointed hairs of considerable length. Living but a few hours, the perfect insects have a mouth so soft and small as to be of no apparent use. It is a curious fact in their history, that, even when they have apparently reached their perfect state, they undergo a final change, to which no other known insect is subjected. After enjoying its first flight, the caddis fixes itself to some convenient object, and withdraws all the parts of its body, even the legs and wings, from a thin shell which has covered them like a glove. Then follow a few more hours of fluttering existence, and the insect drops to the ground lifeless. The perfect flies appear in astonishing numbers, and their dead bodies have frequently been gathered up by the cart-load, and used for manure.

Of the same order as the caddis, is that brilliant, graceful, and agile insect, the dragon-fly, whose larva may not improperly be included among the grubs. A common inhabitant of

the muddy bottoms of ponds, the larva of the dragon-fly, or "snake-feeder," or "horse-stinger," as it is frequently called, is an ugly looking animal of a light brown color, with huge, prominent eyes, and having the air and movements of a small reptile, rather than those of an insect. A greedy devourer of other insects, as well as of small fish, tadpoles, and the like, it captures its prey in a curious and peculiar manner. Under cover of a sort of living mask, at once its under-lip and an arm, it creeps with cat-like stealth toward its intended victim. As soon as within reach of its prey, the mask is thrown down and forward with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, and the two powerful pincers at its end seize the unlucky object of the creature's attack, and draw it up to be devoured. Another remarkable peculiarity of this grub is connected with its respiration. Its abdomen is terminated by appendages which it opens to allow the water to penetrate into the digestive tube, whose sides are furnished with gills. Deprived by these of the necessary air, the water is then expelled by the opening through which it entered, with such force as to urge the insect along, whilst its feet seem at rest.

Closely allied to, and greatly resembling the dragon-fly, we find the ant-lion, whose larvæ, however, unlike those of its graceful relative, live entirely on land, and in the driest, sunniest places. There is little of the conventional grub appearance about the young ant-lion. In color a rosy, rather dirty gray, it has an abdomen of aldermanic proportions, and covered with minute tufts of blackish hairs. By a peculiar arrangement of its legs, it can walk backward only. This singular grub is frequently met with in sandy places, where it scoops out, with its strong, square head a funnel-shaped hole, at the bottom of which it hides itself, only its powerful jaws, curved and pointed like sickles, and fitted at once for seizing, piercing, and sucking, showing above the sand. Here it awaits its prey, principally ants. One of these treading too near the treacherous pitfall, a few particles of sand are dislodged from its edge, thus warning the ant-lion below of the approach of the victim for which it has waited so patiently. The eager grub now displays an unwonted activity, and begins to toss up, by repeated and rapid jerks of its head, successive showers of sand, to alarm the ant, and cause its fall to the bottom of the pit, where it is seized by its hidden foe, sucked of its juices, and then tossed out to make room for the next unwary traveller.

In the months of June and July, says a popular French naturalist, one sees on nearly every tree, and on plants of the most different kinds, a sort of white froth, composed of bubbles of air. Concealed in this froth are certain grubs, green above and yellow underneath, the larvæ of an insect which the peasants of France call *Ecume printanière*, or spring foam, and which is known in England as the cuckoo-spit froghopper. Its scientific name of *Aphrophora* may be translated "foam-bearer." Swammerdam calls it the flea-grasshopper. The grub of this insect cannot live long out of its frothy envelope, only leaving it when it emerges from the pupa. If prematurely withdrawn from it, its body grows rapidly smaller, seeming to dry up, and the poor creature perishes, like a fish taken out of its natural element.

De Geer, a celebrated Swedish naturalist, who carefully studied the metamorphoses of the *Aphrophora*, regards the froth enveloping the grub as designed to protect it from the burning heat of the sun. It seems also to guard it from the attacks of carnivorous insects and spiders. Wishing to know how it produced this singular covering, De Geer took one of them from its frothy dwelling, wiped it dry with a camel's-hair pencil, and placed it on a freshly cut stalk of the honeysuckle, and this is what he observed:

"It begins," says he, "by fixing itself on a certain part of the stalk, in which it inserts the end of its trunk, and remains thus for a long time in the same attitude, occupied in filling itself with the sap. Having then withdrawn its trunk, it places itself on a leaf, where, after different repeated movement of its abdomen, which it raises or lowers and turns on all sides, one may see coming out of the hinder part of its body a little ball of liquid, which it causes to slip along, bending it under its body. The same movements are repeated with a similar result, the second globule filled with air like the first, being placed side by side with, and close to the preceding one. The same operation continues till the sap in the insect's body is exhausted. It is very soon covered with a number of small globules, which, collected together, form a white and extremely fine foam, whose viscosity keeps the air shut up in the globules, and prevents the froth from easily evaporating. If the sap which the larva has drawn from the plant is exhausted before it feels itself sufficiently covered with froth, it begins sucking anew, until it has got a fresh and sufficient quantity of froth, which it takes care to add to its first stock."

It is in this froth that the larva changes into a pupa. It has then, says De Geer, the art of causing the froth inside to evaporate and dry up, in such a manner as to form a space inside, in which its body is entirely free. The exterior froth forms a roof closed in on all sides, under which the insect lies quite dry.

HE NEVER CUT BEHIND.—There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in and a horse not too skittish. As he goes down the hill of life, may the breeching-strap be strong enough to hold back the load. When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that cool night it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a life time, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.—*De Witt Talmadge.*

THE STRENGTH OF A SPIDER'S THREAD.—A bar of iron one inch in diameter will sustain a weight of twenty-eight tons; a bar of steel will sustain fifty-eight tons; and according to computation based upon the fact that a fibre only one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains, a bar of a spider's silk an inch in diameter would support a weight of seventy-four tons.

A WORD OF WARNING.—"It has been my lot in life," says a teacher, "to meet with many poor drunkards, not a few of them men of high attainment. In conversation with them I have usually asked the question, 'Where did you learn your first lessons in drinking?' 'Ah sir! I learned to love the drink at my own father's table,' has usually been the reply."

NEXT to mitigating the poverty of helpless and infirm persons—relieving them from hunger, and protecting them from cold—certainly, we should rank an effort to make all classes acquainted with the beautiful and curious manifestations of the human mind, and the lovely and interesting works of men's hands. For this purpose, we must have the means of general and special instruction in art, in its broadest sense.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

AUNT MARTHA'S PREVENTION.

BY M. O. J.

"A H Aunt Martha! here you are! You don't know how glad I am to see you. I was afraid that drifting snow-storm yesterday would delay you. Come right up to the nursery, and take off your things. It's warm and cosey, and I'm in such a hurry to show you my baby."

Thatchatting in merry tones, Anna Frankfort ran up-stairs, followed by the old lady, whose coming was most welcomed where she was best and longest known. Active, cheerful, even-tempered, the years which silvered her hair had left her heart still young and warm. Slow to blame, ready to sympathize and aid, and blessed with strong, steady good sense and ripe experience, she was ever a reliable friend; and to Anna she was far more, for she had been to her orphaned girlhood all that a mother could be.

"Dear little one!" she said tenderly, when, divested of her outside wrappings, and settled comfortably in the great easy-chair, she took the baby in her arms. "She is a beautiful baby, Anna; is she perfectly healthy?"

"Except colic; she has that very often."

"Why do you let her have it, Anna?" questioned the old lady quietly.

"Let her have it!" Anna exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, auntie, what do you mean? You don't suppose I neglect her. Babies always have it more or less."

"Anna," said auntie, in a firm, though pleasant tone, "there is no need. Remember the old saying—never was one truer—'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

"Tell me how to prevent it, Aunt Martha; I would do anything in my power. It is so hard to see her in pain. I've given her catnip, pennyroyal, camomile, and anise-cordial—they relieve for the time, and I thought that was all anyone could do."

"Very good remedies, dear—better not to need remedies. And now let me question you a little, and see if I can make some useful suggestions. Look here—these tiny arms and dainty shoulders are beautiful to see, and this embroidered cambric quite tasty; but suppose baby's arms, neck, and chest—far more delicate than you think—were well covered with soft flannel, or cashmere sacques—not open-work ones—they're well enough for June. You can make these as stylish as you please with embroidery. Let me see her feet. Ah! yes, the prettiest socks you could buy; but, Anna, they are not long enough. Will you try these?" And she drew a small package from her pocket, and unrolled four pairs of delicate Shetland-wool stockings, long enough to reach the knee.

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"I knitted these evenings," she added; "I wanted to bring baby something."

"O auntie! how kind you are," said Anna sincerely; "these are quite as pretty as mine, and ever so much better," as she drew off the "tasty" socks, replacing them by a pair of the new ones.

"You've thick flannel skirts—I'm glad to see that," continued auntie—"half the colics are caused by cold, especially the feet. You don't wash her in cold water?"

"No, auntie, of course not."

"Well, do you keep her warm enough while giving her the bath?"

"I don't know—I always wash her here by the fire."

"In your lap?"

"Yes, while she is so little. I shall have a baby's bath by-and-by."

"Let me advise you to wrap her in a warm cradle-blanket, and expose the skin to the air as little as possible. Use warm water, and a soft sponge; wash, and perfectly dry one arm, for instance, then cover it, and wash the other, and so on. Children washed in this way always enjoy it, besides being safe from colds."

"I said, cold causes half the colics; wrong feeding does the rest."

"Ah! I'm very careful there. Lily's never had a moment's pain from over-feeding or sour milk."

"No; but may have had from scant feeding."

"Auntie, I declare, if it were anyone else, I should be offended."

"Very likely. But Lily is thin, dear; and I know that very many mothers, nurses, and even physicians, nearly starve infants."

Anna's face was an exclamation-point.

"Do you nurse your baby?" asked her aunt.

"Only in part."

"Well, there's the especial danger. You are afraid of giving too much, while, in all probability, she gets almost nothing from you; in fact, that should not be counted at all. You use a nursing-bottle?"

"Yes."

"What quantity of milk in twenty-four hours? and how much diluted?"

"One fourth cream, three fourths water."

"That will do to begin with; but the proportion of cream should be gradually increased, and after a time, some milk used. You know, of course, that the bottle must be kept perfectly sweet, and the food never given cold. It should be made warmer than breast milk, as it cools in the bottle. A healthy child, at seven months, will bear clear milk, and thrive better on it—only changes should always be gradual and the milk should be scalded."

Most children, at that age, need about a quart a day."

"A quart of clear milk, Aunt Martha! You astonish me."

"I mean so, dear, and your baby now needs certainly not less than a quart of the mixture you give her. For how much real nourishment would she get? Only half a pint!"

Anna sat silent and thoughtful a few moments; then said candidly—"I think you are right, Aunt

Martha. It seems reasonable. I thank you, and will adopt your suggestions."

"Only don't change the food too much at once, dear."

"No; there's the tea-bell."

[NOTE.—To those who may doubt the efficacy of these simple rules, I would say that the old lady is about all the fancy in my sketch; the management recommended I have tested thoroughly, and with the happiest results.]

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

GRANDY'S STORY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"I DECLARE," said little Mary Tracy, "if we haven't all gone and left grandpa sitting alone in the kitchen! That looks just as though we didn't like him, or as if we were glad to get away from him—that's too bad!" and the child laid down her book and went to the kitchen, saying—"Why, grandy, we all dropped off, one by one, into the sitting-room, following after ma, and were laughing and enjoying ourselves finely before we missed you. Come and sit with us."

"Oh! no, dear," said he. "I want to mend Jenny's harness, and it wouldn't be nice to litter up the carpet with bits of leather and strings, and such stuff. The kitchen's the place for such work."

"But I'm afraid you'll be lonesome," persisted the child.

"Oh! no; I never grow lonely," he replied.

"Well, I wouldn't either if I were in your place, grandy, 'cause you know so many stories that you can think over, and wonder at, and laugh about, just all by yourself," said Mary, her eyes dilating, and her lips parting with a bright little ha! ha! that grandpa echoed heartily.

"S'posin' I stayed here with you, would you tell me a horse, or dog, or Indian story?" said she, leaning over, and peeping up into his face cunningly. "But then I wonder if, long, long ago, when you first came to Ohio, when it was all woodsey and Indiany, if you weren't too poor to own a dog," said the child sadly.

Grandpa laughed, and said that a man would be very poor indeed if he could not keep a dog.

"Why, Mary," he said, and he rested his hands on his knees, and the old pioneer fire was kindling, "the best dog we ever had was the one we owned first after coming into this country in February, 1811. Her name was Venus, and she was a slender, middle-sized, gray dog, with the temper and energy of a good woman."

"The Indians had a village of sixty or eighty huts at the bend of the creek, about a mile and a half above our cabin. Sometimes I would go with

my father and see them. They were friendly at that time. We always let Venus go with us, but somehow she didn't like them, and would always stick close to my heels when we went there.

"One time I was standing near their big fire out-doors, warming myself, and I had both my hands thrust deeply into my pockets, away down, as far as they would go. I was shivering with the cold, when a mischievous little Indian boy, a year or two older than myself, slipped up slyly behind me, and seizing my arms just above my elbows, pressed them closely to my sides, and tripping my feet out from under me, threw me down on the ground, and tumbled, and pushed, and wallowed me about among the dirt and leaves until I cried bitterly.

"Oh! I did wish I had my hands out of my pockets. I cried because he took the advantage of me, and came upon me so slyly, just like a little Indian would. I sat on the ground and cried, and Venus crowded closely up against me, barking at the boy in a very wicked, threatening manner, as much as to say—'You little, brassy-colored Indian, just touch my little master again, and I'll bite your black head off—see if I don't!' All the old Indians laughed at me, and the old squaws grinned, and thought it was very funny.

"I coaxed my father to permit me to kiss Venus, and let her tear the Indian boy's leather leggings, but he said they would get angry, and maybe sink a tomahawk into her head, and then my little companion would be gone from me forever.

"I wiped my eyes on my sleeve, and sullenly refused the nice strip of tanned deer-hide that the old chief offered me, and went home, feeling as though I could never grow to be a manly man at all.

"Some of the white settlers, living three or four miles farther up the creek, above the village, wronged the poor Indians, and they avenged themselves by murdering the two families who had injured them. The rumor spread like wildfire that the Indians were going to kill all the white families, and then there was consternation, and people were almost paralyzed with fear.

"The few families in our neighborhood went to work and built a strong, large, square, log-house, called a blockhouse or fort, close to the creek, about a mile below where we lived, and then we all moved into it, so our fathers could protect and care for us.

"We left our home in a great hurry, only taking with us such things as we could carry and pack on our horses. We went in the twilight, as quietly and softly as we could walk. Our horses each wore a cow-bell on his neck fastened by a strap, so that when they were out in the woods picking up something to eat, and we had to hunt them, we could hear the bell, and know where to find them. I remember, before we took up our sad line of march that evening for the blockhouse, my father stuffed some soft grass inside of the bells so the Indians wouldn't hear us if they chanced to be out scouting through the woods.

"We were so badly frightened that none of us slept much that night, for our fathers stood at the port-holes with their muskets ready to defend their wives and little ones.

"Toward morning I fell asleep, and dreamed of my old home on the beautiful shores of Lake Champlain, and of my playmates, and of our spring, and the winding path that led to it; and then I seemed to be bidding good-by to all the little boys and girls that I had known and loved, and I was climbing up into the wagon, and getting ready to move away to the far-off Ohio. I thought I could hear my mother crying piteously as she bade farewell to the dear old home. The dream affected me so much that I awoke, and I still heard the plaintive crying. I rubbed my eyes wide open, yet the cry still sounded distinctly in my ears. I got up, and looked all around me, and then went out. It was broad daylight, and the first thing I saw on the opposite bank of the creek was my dear old dog, Venus, her head laid back, and her white breast whiter and prettier than it had ever seemed before. She was howling, and the cry was as pitiful as a human wail. She had two little baby dogs that were not large enough to walk, and we had left her and her family asleep out in one corner of the garden, in a kennel made of bark and sticks, and covered with moss and leaves. Sometime in the night she had missed us, and had followed our track, and found where we had gone. I hurried, and took the skiff, and went for her. Oh! we were all very glad to see poor Venus. About noon she swam the creek, and visited her children, and came back to see us in the evening. She alternated between the two places—her kind heart was divided.

"One morning about a week after we had left our home, I was awakened by the same sad cry, and there, on the opposite bank of the stream from the blockhouse, her head up, and her white breast showing whiter than ever, sat Venus, with one of her puppies lying on the grass beside her.

She was crying, and calling for me to come, and take her and her baby across the water in the skiff. She had carried it in her mouth all the way from our house, following the path through the brambles, and the thicket, and the tangled underbrush, like a true and loving mother as she was. I brought them over, and made a nice little kennel like the one at home in the garden, and she took her puppy into it, and he put up his snubby little nose, and smelt of it, and became acquainted with it, and then laid down with a satisfied chuckle of contentment. After it went to sleep she stole away, and in the afternoon came back, and stood on the bank of the creek, and hailed over in a real, jolly sailor fashion for assistance. Instead of the wail that was as full of sorrow and heartache as the cry of a distressed human soul, the call came across the water now like a seaman's—'Heave ho! my shipmate, and lend a helping hand!' I looked over and answered—'Ay, ay, my hearty!'

"There she stood, or rather sat, on the tender, plushy grass, and beside her lay her little dumpling of a fat dog-baby, looking so cunningly, and so funny, with its soft, lopping ears, and its white little nose, squarer and snubbier than ever. It was a perfect beauty! It looked up into her wise, trustful face, while I was loosing the skiff, as much as to say—'O mammy! won't you take good care of me now, and wrap me closely, and don't let me fall into the water.'

"My poor little dog-baby,' she would say, looking down into its newly opened eyes, and smiling the best and the sweetest that she knew how to do, 'your mammy will care for you tenderly as long as you trust and obey her. This little boy in the skiff is an old acquaintance and associate of mine, and we are going to live with him, and try and do him good.' After I took them across the creek, she snatched her puppy up in her mouth, and capered off with a light step, and laid it down in the kennel beside the other one. Then she stepped back, and tipped her head this way and that, and surveyed them with a look of intense satisfaction. Then she stretched out her tired legs, and yawned, and caught a long, resting breath, as though she would have said—'that hard task is done now, and my mind is at rest.' She came and licked my hands, and rubbed her head against me, and smiled, and said she was under lasting obligations to me for my kindness. I blushed and looked down at my feet, and said—'Oh! not at all—not at all, madam.' And this is the story about my first dog, Venus."

The *Waterbury American* says—"The mother of a little five-year-old girl in this city, one evening made her understand what the katydids were saying—'Katy did, Katy didn't,' etc. A few evenings after, the little girl happening near the door, heard them again, and ran back into the house, exclaiming—'Mother! mother! those bugs are out here conterdictin' again.'"

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. R. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR APRIL.

HAVING laid out the flower-beds and got them in good working order, the next thing is to decide what plan to follow in planting the seeds. There are various ways, and each has its zealous advocates. There is the "ribbon" style, now very popular in Europe. This plan is to set plants of the same height and color in a row, each row being of a different color, and several rows forming a bed. This has a very pretty effect for a border, the beauty of which is further enhanced by making the back row of some tall plant, and graduating the height of each row until the front row measures only a few inches. Thus the front row might be of white candy-tuft, the second of red phlox drummondii, the third of blue rocket larkspur, and the fourth of scarlet double zinnia. Or a circle might be formed having for its centre a ricinus, then a circle of double zinnia, next French marigold, then larkspur, and in front of all, portulaca. A very pretty ribbon-bed is made by taking different colors of the same flowers, like phlox drummondii, larkspurs, stocks, or asters.

When space will permit, beds containing only one variety of flowers are very effective. Thus an entire bed of verbenas, another of phloxes, another of mignonette and so on, make a brilliant show.

If one wishes to develop each single plant to its utmost, the best way is to set out each one singly, allowing it plenty of space, both above and below, to grow in. By this means the plant will often attain a magnificent development. But to do this, a great deal of ground must be occupied, and, according to our opinion, not one half the real beauty is obtained that can be secured by other means.

If one wishes the greatest display of bloom with the least amount of space, the best way is to plant a variety of flowers of different colors, and heights, and periods of bloom in a single bed. If the ground is made rich so as to bear the tax upon it, flowers can be planted very thickly, and never seem to suffer. There is one thing to be observed—not to let the tall flowers jostle one another. Plant these at the ordinary distances apart, and then fill in the space with smaller flowers, until—when the plants shall have reached maturity—the ground shall be completely hidden. Always let the tallest be nearest the centre, and the plants perceptibly decrease in height as they approach the outer edge. A single circular bed of eight or ten feet in diameter can thus be made to contain an almost infinite variety of flowers, some of them beginning to blossom six weeks after sowing the seeds, and others keeping up a bloom until frost.

PERENNIALS.—Divide and reset, and sow seeds for new stock.

SHRUBS may be transplanted. Spiraeas, weigelas, snowballs, lilacs, mock-oranges, azalias, laurels, and roses of all sorts are desirable shrubs for a garden.

ROSE TREES should be pruned this month. Hybrid and damask perpetuals must be shortened to three or four eyes. Tea roses and noisettes (or monthlies), if the wood is well ripened, may be permitted to retain more of the last year's growth. Give them a plentiful supply of well-rotted manure. Chip dirt is excellent to put around them. Moderate root pruning has a good effect in conjunction with manuring.

GLADIOLUS.—Put out the bulb in April, setting it in a nest of sand to the depth of five inches. If the weather is unpromising, it is better to start them in pots.

DAHLIAS.—Dahlias may now be started in hot-beds or cold-frames, setting in the whole root, just as it was taken up in the autumn.

MONEY EXPENDED IN THE DECORATION OF A RURAL HOME.

REV. D. WISE has an interesting article in one of our exchanges, entitled "Shall we Procure a Suburban Home?" from which we make the following extract:

"I do not know of any way of spending money—Christian benevolence excepted—so wisely and profitably as in erecting and keeping up a beautiful rural home. If the love of the beautiful soften the memory and refine the feelings; if the cultivation of trees, shrubs, and flowers afford innocent and profitable occupation; if riding and driving be promotive of health—then their cost is money well spent. When Judge Field showed me a group of six standard rhododendrons, which he imported at a cost of some four hundred dollars, I was disposed at first to consider him extravagant; but when I saw the exquisite delight with which he described the hundred flowers which one of those noble plants produced in one season, and considered that this enjoyment was reproduced every time he viewed or thought of them, I asked myself if the judge could have purchased so much innocent pleasure in any other way with four hundred dollars. I contrasted the act with the habit of wealthy city people, who often spend thousands of dollars in a season upon grand parties, which yield them little else than annoyance and care, and I concluded that the judge had made a better use of his money than they."

WILD-FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN.

THE most indifferent admirer of nature cannot but feel a thrill of pleasure at sight of the first flowers of spring. The trailing arbutus, the anemone, the violet, are all favorites; and many look forward to their appearance in early spring with an ardent longing which can only be satisfied by a sight of their fragile, pale, delicate-tinted blossoms.

As soon as spring is here, we find them in the woods and glens, on hillsides and by roadsides, a lavish array of loveliness; while yet our gardens show only hyacinths, snowdrops, narcissus, and other spring-blooming plants, in a waste of yet untenanted flower-beds.

But why should not our wild-flowers be domesticated? Some few of these have been, we know; but there are many more equally deserving. They blossom so early that if transplanted into our beds and borders, we might, from the earliest spring, rejoice in a profusion of bloom, which would continue until the garden flowers were ready to take their places.

The pedate violet of the Eastern States is one of the most beautiful and showy of the spring wild-flowers. It may be found of every tint, from the palest purplish blue to indigo. Its leaves grow next the ground, and it sends up its blossoms on long stems, in clusters sometimes numbering twenty or thirty flowers.

It will bear transplanting readily, and makes a beautiful edge to a flower-bed or border.

We have growing in our garden a bed of moss pinks, transplanted from the woods when they were in full bloom, which held up their heads as brightly and as long as though they had never been disturbed. We have also transplanted catchflies by the basketful, and had them blossom well the same year.

We have never yet succeeded in persuading the trailing arbutus to grow, but believe the thing not impossible. This would probably best bear transplanting in the fall.

But it is unnecessary to specify wild-flowers by name. Our desire is simply to prompt our readers to adopt these little children of the woods and fields, and see if they will not repay the love and care bestowed upon them, by even more beautiful and generous bloom than in their wild state. The important thing is to observe the conditions of the plant in its native home—the degree of shade and moisture its nature requires—and supply them as far as possible.

These plants are, no doubt, capable of improvement, if proper means are taken. The best way to begin to improve wild-flowers would be to collect the seeds of any that are fixed upon as likely subjects during the autumn. When this seed is sown in good, rich soil, especially if it be quite different from its native soil, there is great probability of some change taking place. Most plants are en-

larged and improved by successive growth in richer soil, but many varieties may be raised as well. If any variety is deemed worth perpetuating and intensifying, the proper way is to pull up every other plant of the kind, so that it may not be impregnated with the undesirable varieties, and to save seed from that plant only. The chances are that next year the seed will produce a considerable number of plants of the desired variety, some of which will be more fully developed than the parent. These must in like manner be selected, destroying all others, and at last permanent varieties, often very unlike the original, are formed. Plants are very pliant in the hands of the skilful floriculturist, and there is no saying what curious changes may be induced by careful selection; but time and patience are required.

SPRING.

WE give this month a beautiful engraving of "Spring," which every lover of the woods and flowers will know how to appreciate. We can find no better description of this engraving than Longfellow's poem, entitled "An April Day," which so fitly describes the characteristic graces of the season.

AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fall, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

LIFE is like a race where some succeed

While others are beginning:

'Tis luck in some, in others speed,

That gives an early winning;

But if you chance to fall behind,

Ne'er slacken your endeavor;

Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,

"'Tis better late than never!"

And if you keep ahead 'tis well,

But never trip your neighbor;

'Tis noble when you can excel

By honest, patient labor;

But if you are outstripped at first,

Press on as bold as ever;

Remember, though you are surpassed,

"'Tis better late than never!"

Ne'er labor for an idle boast,

Or victory o'er another;

But while you strive your uttermost,

Deal fairly with a brother;

Whate'er your station, do your best,

And hold your purpose ever;

And if you fail to do the rest,

"'Tis better late than never!"

Choose well the path in which you run,

Succeed by noble daring;

Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,

Your crown is worth the wearing;

Then never fret if left behind,

Nor slacken your endeavor;

But ever keep this truth in mind,

"'Tis better late than never!"

DEFTON WOOD.

BY JEAN INGELow.

I HELD my way through Defton Wood,

And on to Wandor Hall;

The dancing leaf let down the light,

In hovering spots to fall.

"O young, young leaves! you match me well,"

My heart was merry and sung—

"Now wish me joy of my sweet youth;

My love—she, too, is young!

Oh! so many, many, many

Little homes above my head;

Oh! so many, many, many

Dancing blossoms round me spread!

Oh! so many, many, many

Maidens sighing yet for none!

Speed, ye wooers, speed with any—

Speed with all but one."

I took my leave of Wandor Hall,

And trod the woodland ways.

"What shall I do so long to bear

The burden of my days?"

I sighed my heart into the boughs

Whereby the culvers cooed;

For only I between them went,

Unwooing and unwooed.

Oh! so many, many, many

Lilies bending stately heads!

Oh! so many, many, many

Strawberries ripened on their beds;

Oh! so many, many, many

Maidens, and yet my heart undone!

What to me are all, are any?

I have lost my—one.

SOJOURNING AS AT AN INN.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

I LOOK abroad upon the verdant fields;

The song of birds is on the summer air;

Within, how many a treasure something yields

To bless my life and round the edge of care;

And yet the earth and air,

All that seems good and fair,

That still is mine, or once hath been,

Now teach me, I am but a pilgrim here,

Without a home, and dwelling in an inn.

Not ever has the outlook been so clear;

There have been days when stormy gusts went by,

Nights when my wearied heart was full of fear,

And God seemed farther off than stars and sky;

Yet then, when grief was nigh,

My soul could sometimes cry

Out of the depths of sorrow and of sin,

That at the worst I was a pilgrim here,

With home beyond, while dwelling in an inn.

Now I complain not of this life of mine;

I less of shade have had than of the sun;

The gracious Father, with a hand divine,

Has crowned with mercies His unworthy one

My cup has overrun,

And I, His will undone,

Have changed his blessings into sin.

As I forgot I was a pilgrim here,

Homeless at best, and dwelling in an inn.

Look at me, Lord! Have I not need to pray

That this fair world, which gives so much to me,

Serve not to lead my steps so far astray,

That at the end they leave me not with Thee?

Dear Lord, let not this be;

Nay, rather let me see

Beyond this life my days begin,

And singing on my way, a pilgrim here,

Rejoice that I am dwelling in an inn.

Dear Son of God! by whom this world was made,

Yet, homeless, had not where to lay Thy head

(Not e'en by kindred was Thy body laid

In Joseph's tomb, Thou Lord of quick and dead,

By Thy example led,

Of me may it be said,

When I shall rest and peace begin,

He lived as one who was a pilgrim here,

And found his home while dwelling in an inn.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

THERE is now a strong pressure being brought to bear upon American girls to force them into the kitchen, to take the place of incompetent foreign servants; and it is argued that if once this could be done, servants and mistresses would alike cease to have cause of complaint, and a new and better order of things would be instituted. No doubt much may be said on both sides of this question, but, a communication we have received, has brought the adverse side prominently before us. This communication, from an undoubted American girl, and bearing testimony as to the intelligence of its writer, goes to show that intelligence and capability on the part of servants do not always insure consideration, or even humanity on the part of masters and mistresses. Before the root of the servant difficulty is reached, there must be a double reform.

The writer says: "May I become a member of your 'Home Circle'? My occupation is 'kitchen girl,' and I could give you the benefit of my actual experience in domestic affairs. I am not ashamed to work with my hands for a living. Although the life of a hired girl is not strewn with flowers, yet one can, at least, improve every opportunity of learning something which may be of advantage to her in after life.

"Perhaps it might be interesting to many to know that hired girls have souls as well as bodies, and sometimes feelings of both mind and body. One of my experiences in domestic life occurred while working in a hotel. As soon as supper was over, every day, either the landlord or landlady would come into the kitchen, and take the stove-covers off, so as to let the fire go out as quick as possible; then take the coal out, and put in the kindlings for a morning fire, leaving the kitchen-girls, of whom I was one, without any fire to sit by in the evening, and nowhere to go to warm ourselves, unless we went into the bar-room, which we did not do.

"Again, it was my fortune to work in the family of a retired Methodist minister, who severely reprimanded me for attending church on Sunday, and leaving the family to get their own lunch at noon. It is a well-known fact, that girls who do housework have nearly as much work to do on Sunday as on any other day of the week.

"Ought these things to be? Would it not be well for those who are seeking to elevate woman, to make labor respectable, so that a hired girl, if she be virtuous, may be considered a member of society?"

We can say to our correspondent, that we believe the true laborers for the elevation of women are those who, while recognising the differences which culture, education, habits, and tastes will always ordain in society, yet all other things being equal, would place the working-woman far above the butterfly or the drone. And when working-women, as a class, shall have made themselves the equals of their idler sisters in intelligence and refinement, we believe the place will not be denied them.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

BY LIEU. H. HOLLIS.

YOU who are much in the society of children, do you realize what a sacred trust this is? Whatever may be your relations to them, God has given you a duty, and will hold you responsible for the manner in which you perform it.

Do you ever think that "children are a bother?" Ah! if those bright, wide-awake eyes, that seem to spy out mischief continually, were to be closed forever to all things on earth; those busy, tireless, little feet, if they had taken their last step; if those little hands you think make you so much trouble—if they, too, had done with all, and you beheld them white and still, lying above that little heart that loved you so; then you would never remember that little one to have been a "bother." Think of it now, mothers, and bear with them patiently, tenderly. If you are a true mother, you often put up a silent prayer for strength, and grace to do your duty by your children faithfully.

With the first lisps of your child direct its thoughts to God. When you transplant a flower, do you wait until it is ready to blossom, and until amidst the heat of summer? When you wish a plant to thrive, do you cover it from the rain and dews of heaven until it shall get its growth? No; you transplant it when it is young, and how carefully you water it, and care for it that it may be goodly, and fair, and strong. So with the human plants which you are fitting for God's garden.

Talk with the children about Jesus. Tell them the truth. You will be surprised to find how well they can understand. If they ask questions about God that you cannot answer, do not put them aside with an unsatisfactory reply, but say—"Dear child, I do not know; but God knows. He knows everything—every thought of your heart. I cannot understand this thing you have asked me. But we know it is true because God says so in the Bible." Oh! what a world of trust you can implant in that little soul!

I have noticed that in the teachings of some

seem to lie the seeds of self-righteousness. They will say: "You must be a good child so that you can go to Heaven when you die." The child should not learn to be good through fear of punishment, or hope of reward, but for the reason that goodness is pleasing in God's sight.

Fathers who have family prayer (every one of you *should*), and who ask God's blessing on your food, put your petitions in simple words that your little child will catch and understand. They do not know what "permitted to assemble," and "earthly board" means. They do not understand the "unmerited favors," and such long words. Besides, these phrases are but a species of religious cant, which, from their mechanical repetition, too often become meaningless to those who use them.

If you lead your child toward heaven, you must be journeying thither yourself. Are you? If not, set out at once. Be what you would make your child. Never speak an impure word in its hearing. Never speak one at all, for God hears. I think impure conversation is as hateful to God as profanity.

If God takes your little child from you, you know it is safe from sin and every harmful thing. Let all bereaved ones be imbued with the spirit of the poem in a recent number of the *HOME*:

"I have two little angels waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
Forever free from sorrow and pain,
Spotless and pure from all earthly stain;
Never in erring paths to rove—
Safe in the bosom of Infinite love;
Evermore, evermore walking in light,
Those beautiful angels robed in white."

To every sorrowing heart I would say, let the dear loved ones gone be to you "Angels of Peace," serving to draw you unto Him who afflicts not in anger, but in love.

WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY BELLE MAY.

THOUGH we may not change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass-plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have not means to purchase
Costly pictures rich and rare—
Though we have not silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For the flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin,
We can make its inmates happy
And their truest blessings win;
It will make the small room brighter,
If we'll let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside,
When the evening hours are long—
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy, social song—
We can guide some erring brother—
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door—
Yet should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

Oh! there are treasures for the lowly,
Which the grandest fail to find,
There's a chain of sweet affection,
Binding friends of kindred mind—
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

ADVANTAGE TO CHILDREN OF READING ALOUD IN THEIR PRESENCE.

THERE must of necessity always be a great difference in the general intelligence of children brought up in the general atmosphere of the family circle, and those who are confined to the nursery, in charge of the ignorant and irresponsible.

The conversation at table, where the news of the day is discussed, whether it be the Pacific Railroad, the laying of another cable, or the opening of the Suez Canal, or the visit of Father Hyacinth, all have their influence upon the developing mind of childhood, often far beyond our apprehension.

I was led to the above thoughts by a little son of mine, five years old saying, when I remarked that Dr. Livingstone had discovered a chain of lakes in Africa—"I thought he was dead." He had never been told anything about Dr. Livingstone, and it is some time since the article was read in the family, purporting that he was dead. This is an evidence of the utility of children being in the room while some one is reading aloud. Though apparently engaged in play, the mind picks up, and retains many a fact. From a necessity of the case, I had then to explain to the child that the report of Dr. Livingstone's death was incorrect, &c.

The other day, after having seen the picture of the "Explorer," the steamboat that went up the Colorado River, upon the cover of the report of that expedition, he was busy all day long making steamboats with a stern-wheel. I then showed him a picture of the "A. D. Patchin," a steamboat in which I went around the lakes, in 1848, in company with my sister, and showed him the windows to the state-rooms, &c. After he retired, and had said his "Now I lay me"—his head was full of the steam boat, and he inquired—"Who got it up?" and, though contrary to my practice to talk to him

after he has lain down, I had to tell him of James Watt, who watched the steam of the teakettle when a boy, and so invented steam engines; and then alluded to Robert Fulton, who "got up" the first steamer in the United States, that went up the Hudson, in 1807.

Without effort, and almost unconsciously, children will acquire knowledge and elevated thought,

by being permitted to mingle in the family circle, instead of being shut up with nursery maids to perhaps imbibe foolish fears and notions that can scarcely be eradicated by the reasoning powers of the matured mind.

Read to children in books and papers prepared for them, and, also, let them listen to such as your own mind enjoys, especially the Bible. E. E.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER IV. ECONOMY.

"We sacrifice to Dress till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder clean. Puts out our fires,
And introduces Hunger, Want, and Woe,
Where Peace and Hospitality might reign."

THE proper expenditure of an income devoted to household requirements is another point which demands the exercise of prudence and judgment. The allotted fund should be properly and carefully divided between *essentials* and *luxuries*, and this division should be invariably adhered to. Extravagance should be sedulously avoided, whilst all that is conducive to *comfort* should be supplied.

A point in connection with this subject, and one upon which we may very properly dwell a moment, is the great impropriety, so common to the present generation, of endeavoring to outvie others in richness and costliness of attire without due respect to financial circumstances. To act thus manifests a want of propriety, judgment, good taste, and conscientiousness; and although some may be found who are ready to applaud, others, more sensible and consistent, will be apt to reward such efforts with contempt, and make them a subject of ridicule.

There is a beauty, a *gentility in consistency*, which applies equally well to the dressing of our table as to the dressing of our person. There seems something both laughable and contemptible in an entertainment where everything is as strange and unusual to the host as to the least-acquainted guest—where it is very evident the Amphitryon has entirely deserted his natural way of living—knives, forks, and plates are all hired or borrowed, and the malicious are at liberty to whisper—"Perhaps the eatables will never be paid for," "We all know A. has but — a year, and how can he procure such luxuries?" Be assured, sensible reader, that the frog made but a poor imitation of an ox even before he burst. And regal banquets attempted with limited resources have quite as little resemblance to the true thing as resulted from the unfortunate efforts of Esop's ambitious hero.

The following quotation is worthy of attention: "Extravagance is certainly a levelling principle, which renders all its votaries alike needy; whilst economy, if it have not the power of alchemy, at least confers a twofold value on every possession." Economy is a virtue worthy of being practised by the rich as well as the poor, and is specially noticeable when we hear of their being obliged—by reason of *extravagance*—to neglect the fulfilment of *social and moral duties*, "restraining generous impulses, and delaying the payment of just debts." Some persons do not properly comprehend the term *economy*; they regard it as implying meanness, instead of its simply defining a *living within means*, and an avoidance of such expenditures as would create debt, and, thereby, *discomfort*. The entire expenditures of a household should be in conformity with the income of the head of the family, not being so curtailed as to incur the censure of parsimony, nor so profuse as to cause the master to

"Dread that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills."

Benevolence and charity are subjects which ought, also, to claim a due attention from every housekeeper, who should so endeavor to limit her expenditures as to be able to bestow, at proper seasons, aid to those who lack the comforts of life. The cultivation of the spirit of charity will induce not only to the happiness of others, but to that of ourselves individually. And although we may not be able to give liberally, nor in accordance with our desires, yet, like her of old, the "mite" we bestow, if it be accompanied with sincere desires for good, will so enhance its value as to bring into our hearts the whisper of "Well done, good and faithful servant," from that great Being who "judgeth not as man judgeth."

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

OYSTERS.

FRIED OYSTERS.—First give the oysters a scald in their own liquor, then take them out, and dry them in a clean towel. Mix finely pounded crackers with eggs, dip the oysters into it, and fry them with fresh butter.

OYSTER PIE.—Get as many oysters as you please, strain off the liquor, and then put it into a saucepan with the oysters, adding a quarter of a pound of butter. Give them a boil up, and skim them well; mix in as much flour as you think will thicken the liquor. Make about six force-meat balls of veal and suet, and season them slightly. Cover the sides of a deep dish with finely made pie paste, and then put into it the oysters and force-meat balls, adding three or four raw eggs, and half a wineglassful of vinegar, if desired. Cover it with pie paste, and bake.

OYSTER PANCAKES.—Mix together equal quantities of oyster liquor and milk. To a pint of this mixture put a pint of wheat flour, a few oysters, two eggs, and a little salt. Drop the batter by spoonfuls into hot lard, and fry the pancakes a light brown.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Take as much water as will cover your oysters, or, if you prefer, use the liquor. For one hundred oysters, throw in one tablespoonful of salt; put the liquor on the fire, and as the scum rises take it off; when it boils, throw in the oysters, stir them often to prevent them from burning, and the instant they boil take them out of the liquor with a skimmer, and plunge them into cold water; let the salt water cool. Then take more than half a pint of vinegar, a pinch of mace, a tablespoonful of whole cloves, allspice, and pepper; boil all together for a few minutes, and then set it aside to cool. Lay your oysters on a board to

strain, and when all the articles are cold, add them together, put them into a jar, and cover them up close.

SPICED OYSTERS.—Procure one hundred and fifty large oysters, and carefully pick off any small portions of shell that may adhere to them. Place the oysters in a skillet, and strain the liquor over them; add as much salt as you please; without salt they will not be firm. Set the skillet on the fire, and allow the oysters to simmer until they are heated through; then take them out, leaving the liquor in the skillet, and add to it one pint of nice, clear cider vinegar, three dozen of cloves, and three dozen of peppers; let it come to a boil, and when the oysters are cold, pour it over them. Add a small portion of mace. They will be fit for use immediately, or may be kept for a week.

MACCARONI WITH OYSTERS.—Boil the macaroni in salt water, and drain it through a colander; then take a deep earthen or tin dish, and put in alternate layers of macaroni and oysters, sprinkling each macaroni with fine grated or cut cheese, and Cayenne pepper. Bake in an oven or stove until it becomes brown on the top. One quart of oysters will answer for a large dish. Use plenty of butter, putting it between each layer.

OLIVES ROYAL.—One pound of potatoes, four ounces of flour, one ounce of butter, cold beef seasoned highly, and a little butter. Make the olives in the form of a turn-over pie, and fry them brown in lard or butter.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

There are as yet no material modifications in the fashions of last year. Suits are still worn, rendering outer wraps superfluous, except for the coldest days. The tendency this spring is toward an upper dress which answers the purpose of overskirt and jacket, and can be worn with a single skirt cut walking length.

A new spring cape is cut somewhat pointed front and back, but short over the arms. It may be trimmed with ruffles, with rows of lace, or rows of fringe.

Scotch scarfs, and striped Arabs are much worn. Shawls are only fashionable when draped, and worn as mantles.

Full suits of black alpaca, or black silk, are most in vogue for this season of the year. The newest black alpaca suits are made with a skirt or polonaise. The polonaise is made to fit the figure, but the back of the skirt is gathered up into side seams. The back is frilled in with a short, wide

sash. Flouncees promise to be more fashionable than ever. Skirts are made the same as they were last year.

Print and gingham dresses are now usually made without a lining. They may be made as a loose, gored wrapper belted in at the waist, or a skirt and blouse, or long basque, forming a sort of costume.

Hoops are imperatively necessary to give a proper appearance to the present mode of costumes, but they are worn very small.

Bonnets are, if possible, smaller than ever, and we would not be surprised to find them developed before the season is over into something of the character of the Spanish mantilla. There is now a "mantilla," or "Capulet" bonnet, which is really more of a veil than a bonnet.

Pretty designs in fluted straw consist of two rims, one bent toward the forehead, and the other standing up to fit the front of the *chignon*. The rims are lined with bright-colored silk.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Among the new books on our table this month, we find a delightful little volume for the young people, entitled *Household Stories*, and translated from the German of Madame Otilie Wildermuth, by Eleanor Rinmont. Happily combining moral instruction with pleasing narrative, these tales are of more than ordinary merit, and have had the advantage of a careful and spirited translation. The book is well and copiously illustrated. Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, and Carlton & Lanahan, New York.

A very pleasing collection of anecdotes, some old and some new, which, while being humorous and witty, do not offend good taste, has been made by the Rev. B. F. Clark, an aged clergyman, for thirty years pastor of the Congregationalist Church, North Chelmsford, Massachusetts. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, are the publishers of this somewhat unique volume, which is entitled *Mirthfulness and its Exciters; or, Rational Laughter and its Promoters*. For sale in Philadelphia by Turner & Co., 808 Chestnut Street.

A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem: First Century—is the title of a poem containing some six hundred lines, just reprinted in pamphlet form, from Blackwood, by Loring, of Boston. Its author is Mr. W. W. Story. The poem contains many fine passages, and is wrought out with impressive imaginative power. The aim of the poet has been to analyze, in the person of an intelligent Roman lawyer of the time, the story of Judas's treason. The conclusion he comes to, after a thorough examination of the sorrowful narrative, is, that Judas was a mistaken enthusiast, who did what he did in order that "his Master should be glorified," by being placed in circumstances which would render necessary some striking manifestation of His divine power.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have received *Titania's Banquet, Pictures of Women, and other Poems*, by George Hill. The main poem of this volume is one that rises considerably above the dead level of correct commonplace of our modern poetasters. A quaint and tender fancy, rather than strength of imagination, characterizes Mr. Hill's productions. Many of his shorter pieces are exquisitely neat and delicate. As a sample, we quote:

"TO A WHITE LILY.

"Companion of my solitary hours,
Vestal of Nature's temple, nup of flowers,
Bending thy graceful form as if in prayer,
Incensing with thy breath the morning air,
Thou seem'st to bid us kneeling, give to Heaven
Our earliest thoughts. Ah! that to be forgiven,
We had no cause to kneel! Then had not I,
Beheld thy stainless beauty with a sigh!"

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To those of our readers, who, having some knowledge of the German language, desire to enlarge their acquaintance with contemporary German literature, we know of nothing likely to be more useful than the *Literarischer Monatsbericht*, a monthly record of the movements of the German literary and publishing world, issued by E. Steiger, 22 and 24 Frankfort Street, New York. Coming from the most extensive publishing and importing house in the country, where German books, magazines, and newspapers, are made a specialty, it is full of information that cannot but be of interest to students of the German. It will be forwarded—free of charge—to all who send their names and addresses for that purpose.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Washburn & Co., seed merchants, 100 Tremont Street, Boston, for a copy of their *Amateur Cultivator's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden*, one of the fullest and completest works of its class. Mailed to all applicants from any part of the United States or Canada, on the receipt of twenty-five cents.

Henry A. Dreer, seedsman and florist, No. 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, has sent us his *Garden Calendar for 1870*. It contains, besides select lists of seeds and plants, brief directions for the cultivation and management of the vegetable, flower, and fruit garden.

Both the above publications are copiously illustrated, and come from seedsmen upon whose honesty and integrity in their business transactions all desirous of dealing with them may implicitly rely.

H. H. & T. W. Carter, of Boston, have published a neat edition of Mrs. Strutt's "*Feminine Soul*," a book written with great clearness and frankness, on the side of an essential and eternal difference in the spiritual organization of the sexes, by which one must forever be male, and the other female. She has the weight of reason, common sense, and common instinct on her side.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a bribe or a thorn which Divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPT FOR THE PRESS.

AMONG the many trials and perplexities of an editor's life, there is no one which is so vexatious and so unsatisfying as the deciphering and correcting of badly written and improperly prepared manuscript. If aspirants for literary honors knew how much really depended upon the legibility and correct appearance of their contributions, they would be far more careful than they are. The best of articles, if the "pen is poor and the ink is pale," has half its excellence obscured in the reading, whether it be read aloud haltingly and hesitatingly, and both reader and listener but half catch the meaning of the writer, or whether it is glanced over with an impatient eye, which omits what it cannot immediately comprehend.

Then even if the reader be satisfied of its merits to the point of acceptance, if the article is prepared improperly for the printer, it is still necessary to reject it. For an editor has little time to spare for the correction or re-writing of manuscript.

But how should manuscript be prepared to please both editor and printer? will be asked by all those who do not already know.

The first consideration is the paper. The best is common white foolscap, the two leaves of the sheet not merely cut, but the pages folded down the middle and cut again, so as to form long, narrow strips. If the writer prefers to use the whole width of the sheet, it is imperatively necessary that the two leaves should be cut apart, as it is exceedingly inconvenient to the reader to have to turn over the leaf in reading, and then fold it back again to preserve the pages in their proper order. Common note paper is unobjectionable, cut into single leaves, as the page is not a wide one; but it is more expensive than foolscap, and not any better.

Never write on both sides of the page. Use the best black ink, and write plainly, without any attempt at ornamentation. Punctuate carefully, and remember that paragraphs are occasionally necessary in an article, and that quotations must be used in conversation. Number the pages, and when the article is completed, the leaves may or may not be fastened together. A single pin, if there are not too many sheets, is really better than the most elaborate stitching, or fanciful tying with a ribbon, as it can be easily removed in reading, and as easily replaced.

Never roll manuscript, but fold it if it is too large to send unfolded. Rolled manuscript is very troublesome for both reader and printer. Manuscripts, if placed in a package with one end open, can be sent by mail at pamphlet rates of postage. Whatever the manner of sending, there should

always be a private letter, giving the name and address of the writer, stating whether pay is required, and at what rates, mentioning whether a return of the manuscript is desired if it is not accepted; and, in this case, inclosing sufficient stamps to pay for its return. This letter must be sent separately if the manuscript is sent open, or the whole package will be subject to letter postage.

We might give further hints as to grammar, spelling, use of capitals, etc., but for two reasons we abstain. First, because those who cannot spell and compose with average correctness ought not to attempt to write for the public at all; and secondly, whatever our advice might be, such writers are not likely to heed us, but will go on scribbling all the same, as much and as incorrectly as ever.

ENGLISH HUSBANDS MAY BEAT THEIR WIVES.

Mrs. Jerningham's Journal is the title of a poem on marriage, handsomely reprinted by Scribner & Co. They still hold some rough ideas on marital relations in England, it seems from this poem. The husband is a wealthy banker, the wife a dainty blossom from the hotbed of society, used to beaux, flirting, pleasure, and all that, yet pure-minded, though simple and imprudent enough to think all this allowable after marriage with a substantial citizen. So, to break the monotony of her tiresome home-life in London, she has a little flirtation with a "Captain Fitzmaurice," suspecting which, her husband takes her to task. We quote a passage from the interview:

"Strange shadows flit athwart his brow,
Strange light makes glitter in his eyes;
A moody passion shakes him, now
The shadow's gone—the glitter dies.
His face my spirit shall not daunt;
I will not let him win the day;
So give my voice a little taunt,
And, smiling up at him, I say—
'You'd like to beat me.' 'Yes, I would,'
He cried. 'My anger I'd restrain;
But if I thought 'twould do you good,
I'd beat you now, and yet again.'
In marriage there are double fires,
Where each to each must law allow;
Men have a right to beat their wives
When women break their marriage vow.
'I break my vow!' 'Yes, every day.'
He turned to where I breathless sat—
'You swore to honor and obey.'
'O dear!' I cried, 'who thinks of that?'"

MR. ARTHUR'S PORTRAIT.—We have made arrangements with Mr. Biee, the publisher of this large and finely engraved steel portrait, by which we can supply our subscribers at sixty cents a copy.

"THE WORKINGMAN."

This new monthly illustrated paper, "devoted to the best interests of all who labor with hands or brain," while not being what is called a temperance paper, is yet strictly based on temperance; and its leading effort will be to create a public sentiment adverse to all our disastrous drinking customs, whether in the bar-room or at home. It will maintain the honor of work, and help in all ways to level upward. It will not address workmen as if graded below what are known as the mercantile and professional classes, but recognize as a workingman every one who gives thought or muscle to the world's work, and to be respected for his personal qualities and good services to society.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

This is the true manhood sentiment, to which all should give adhesion.

"THE WORKINGMAN" will be splendidly illustrated. The large, full-page engraving in the first number—"The Happiest Time"—is a charming picture, worth—any one who sees it will say—more than the price of the number. It is our intention to make this paper the handsomest in the country.

The price is only sixty cents a year. Ten or more copies, when sent in one package and to one address, fifty cents a copy. On such packages the postage will be prepaid. It is for sale by all newsdealers at five cents a number.

All who are interested in temperance will find in "THE WORKINGMAN" a steady and unflinching advocate of the cause.

RELATIONS OF ALCOHOL TO MEDICINE.

We have received from Dr. John Bell, of this city, Chairman of a Committee appointed last year by the "American Medical Association," to consider the "Relations of Alcohol to Medicine," his able and exhaustive report, covering one hundred and twenty octavo pages. This report takes positive ground against the use of alcohol, and shows, by large citations from medical authorities of the highest character, its baleful effects both on healthy and diseased human organisms. A copy of this Report should be in the hands of every physician in the country.

OUR FASHIONS.—These are strictly reliable, being chiefly furnished by Madame Demorest, who is always up to the prevailing styles, and gives the latest novelties. Receiving our fashions from her Emporium in New York, we are sure of furnishing our lady readers the latest and truest modes. In this department the "HOME" will not have a rival. The double fashion sheets we have introduced give us larger space for illustrations.

A VALUABLE PAPER.

Among the many journals which we receive, there are none more valuable than the *Scientific American*. In fact, for the mechanic and scientific man, there are none which can in any way compare with it. We have to thank the publishers for back numbers of the paper from the beginning of the volume. It is published weekly by Messrs. Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at the low price of \$3.

"BED-TIME," AND "THE ANGEL OF PEACE."—Our subscribers continue to supply themselves with our splendid premium pictures at \$1 each—less than half the price at which they can be obtained at print-sellers; and all who receive them are surprised and delighted at their beauty.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

Among the numerous papers and magazines of the day, there is scarcely one that approaches, either in literary or artistic excellence, *Appleton's Journal*, published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. It is issued weekly, and is a model in appearance and contents. Every month a beautiful steel plate is given. The four numbers of the month, bound in one volume, make a very handsome book. This *Journal* will contain the new story which Dickens is writing, and is about to publish, in England—illustrating it, if we mistake not, simultaneously with its appearance there.

In our view, life is a kind of commerce, in which we supply each others' needs, nearly all of it by that compulsion of want which keeps the world a going. But this very want and compulsion are permitted, that the habit of mutual assistance may grow up to be, as far as possible, a preparation for that life where the merchandise exchanged is of the heart and soul.

Honest industry is always rewarded. No young man need complain of being kept poor, if he rolls up his sleeves and goes cheerfully to work.

On the 7th day of August, 1857, I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, which has been used from that day to this almost incessantly. I do not recollect any day, except Sundays, in which some work has not been done upon it. By far the greater part of the time it has been run from seven o'clock in the morning until ten, eleven, and often until twelve o'clock at night. It has never cost one cent for repairs, and is to-day in as complete working order as the day I bought it. I would not exchange it for a new machine of any other kind.

HARRIET A. BELLOWES.

Seneca Falls, Nov. 22, 1863.

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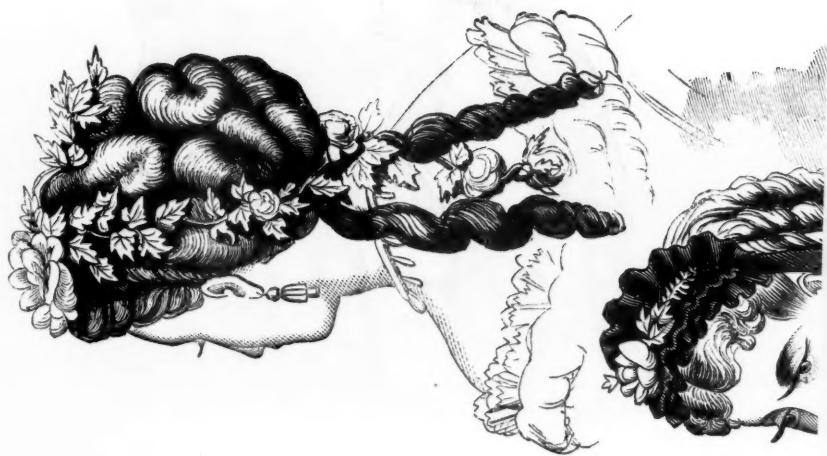
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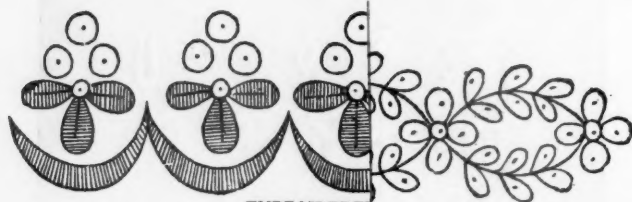
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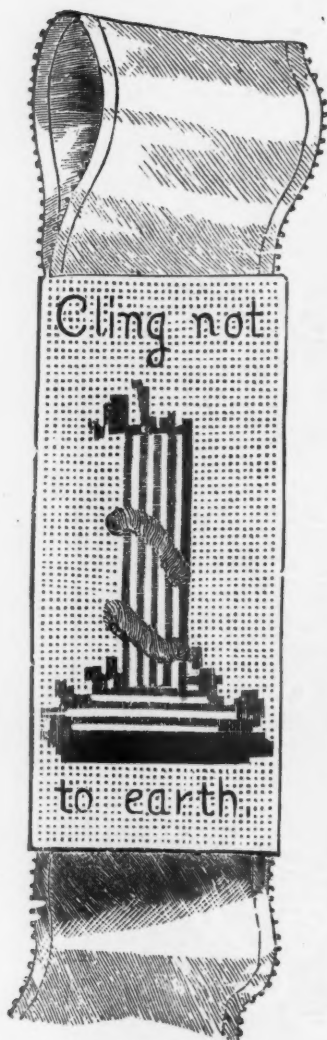
JAPANESE GIRL PAINTING HER LIPS.

(See Home Circle.)

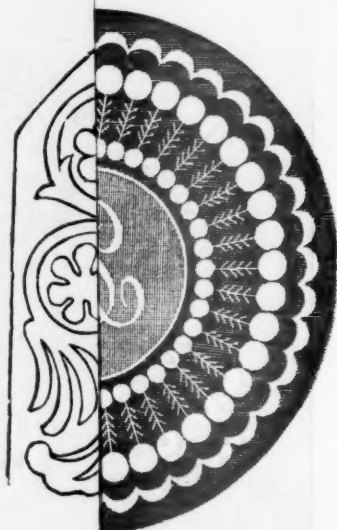




EMBROIDERY



BOOK-MARK.



HANDKERCHIEF.



"FIXING FOR GRANDMA."

BY A. H. POE.

We're fixing up for grandma,
She's coming here to-day;
We'll have to hurry, Bennie,
I 'spect she's on the way.
You run and bring some wood in,
And put it on the fire;
I'll get the biggest turkey-wing,
To make it blaze up higher.

And now we'll bring the rocking-chair,
And the cricket for her feet,
And on the little table
Put something nice to eat.

And when she comes, we'll make her
A splendid cup of tea;
O dear! I hear somebody—
I'll have to run and see.

There she is, O Bennie!
Let's meet her at the gate!
You needn't mind your mittens—
I can't begin to wait.
I'll take your basket, grandma;
Did it tire you much to ride?
It seems to me it *smells* good—
I wonder what's inside!

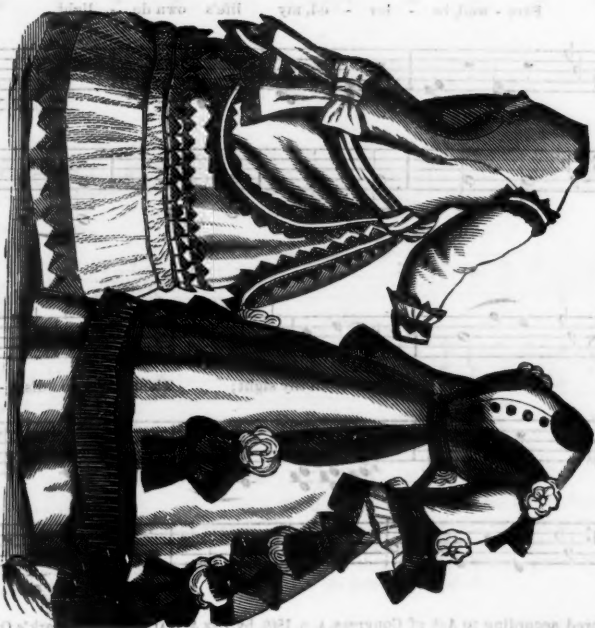
FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

No. 2.

FASHIONABLE TOILETTE.



No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 1.—Trained dinner-dress of light salmon-colored grosgrain, trimmed with black velvet and black lace. Round the bottom of the skirt there is a flat "lively" plaid, the width of the skirt, with a band of black lace, inserted in the upper edge. The skirt is round and the sides are bound with velvet. Low Marie Antoinette bodice, trimmed with velvet and lace.

No. 2.—Walking-suit of dark-green empiress cloth, trimmed with black velvet, put on in plain lines. The suit consists of short dress, upperskirt, sash bow,

with pointed ends and capes. Fifteen yards of material, and four pieces of velvet are required to make it.

No. 3.—Walking-toilet of poplin, trimmed with velvet, or of moirai, trimmed with silk, or with the same material bound with silk. In the latter case, the skirt is round and the sides are bound with velvet.

No. 4.—Carriage-dress of white corded silk, trimmed with ermine velvet and black fringe. The skirt ends commence at the shoulder, and extend down the sides of the front as sash ends. The rosettes are composed of leaves of silk, cut out and bound with satin.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

REMEMBER ME.

WORDS BY FRANZ KUGLER.

MUSIC BY S. J. CAUFFMAN.

PIANO. *Moderato.* *Dolce.*

Fare - well, be - lov - ed, my life's own de - light, Doubt not my

love though I part from thy sight; Though e'er so dist - ant near thee will I

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

be; Dar - ling, fare - well, fare - well, remember me.

Ritard. *ad lib.*
Dar - ling, farewell, farewell, Farewell, remember me. Dar - ling, fare - well, fare-

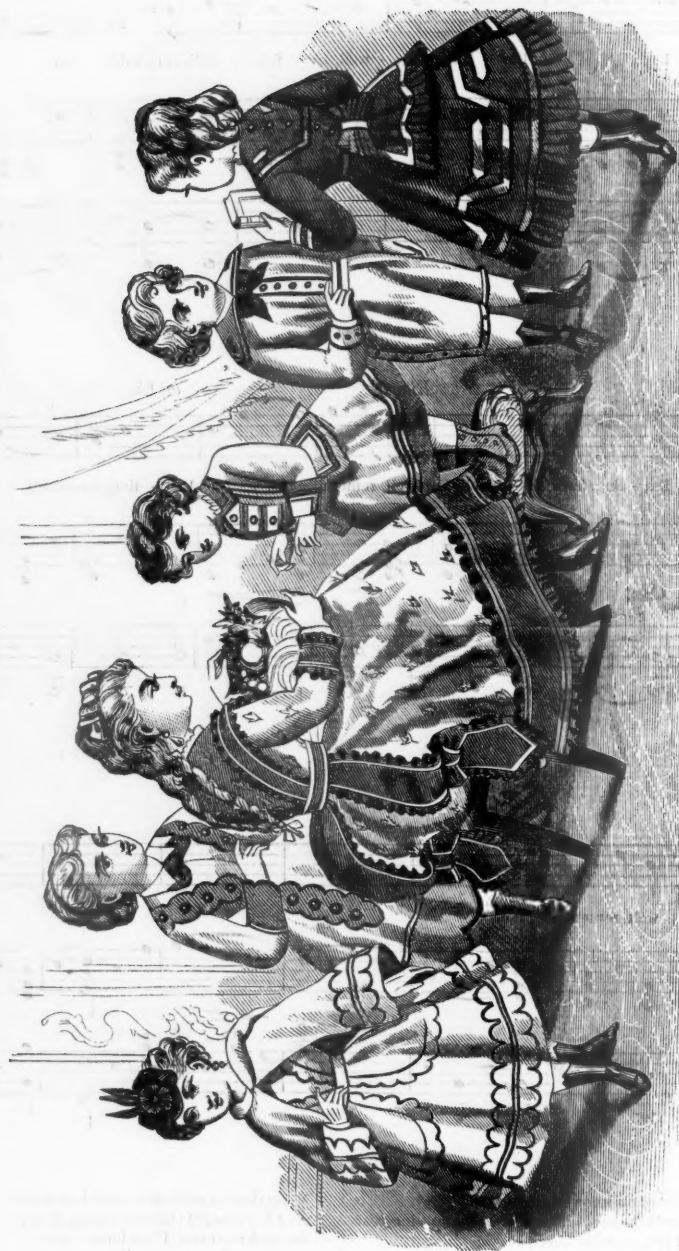
Cres. *p*

well, remember me.

I'll not delay, thou knowest, my dear,
The time swiftly speeds, how speeds the passing year,
Soon will I return, thine ever to be,
Darling, farewell, farewell, remember me.
Darling, farewell, &c.

What though dark fate should us part in tears
And keep us afar through many weary years,
Beyond the grave I'll belong to thee,
So grieve thee not—farewell, remember me.
So grieve thee not, &c.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SPRING. (See Fashion Department for description.)